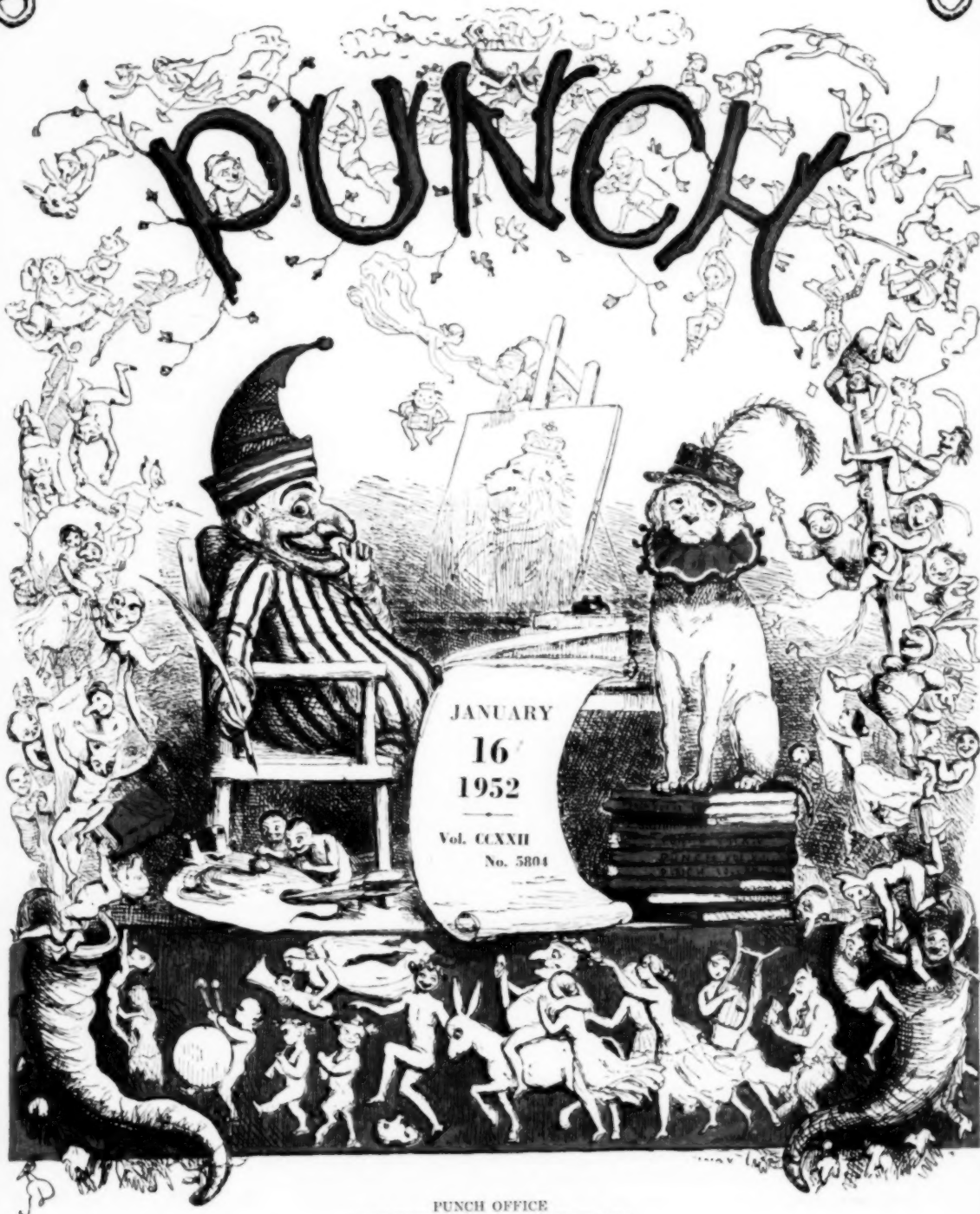


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PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16 1952

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PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

What the **AGA** Registered Trade Mark does for women

In 1870 married women were given rights over their own property. In 1918 (except for "flappers" who had to wait ten years) they got the vote. And in 1929, praise be, they got the Aga. There's emancipation for you!

It takes work off their hands

HOW ABOUT THIS for a list of chores and worries that the Aga does away with?

Raking the fire out in the morning and lighting up again. Stoking it up all day. Worrying at dampers, knobs and switches. Putting blacklead on the stove and scraping soot and grime off your utensils.

The Aga is always ready, always efficient, never any trouble. It saves you years of worry, hours of work each day.

It puts money in their purses

HOW ABOUT THIS for an easy way of getting regular pin-money? With the Aga, you know in advance exactly what it is going to cost to do all your cooking and heat the water for three hot baths each day — and all the other ordinary domestic needs. The Aga is *guaranteed* not to burn more than 3½ tons a year of coke, anthracite or Phurnacite. That costs about 1/- a day. Compare this with what you pay for cooking and water-heating now! The difference is what you make and the savings will probably be enough to buy the Aga for you and leave you a tidy little lot over for yourself!

You can buy the Aga for instalments of as little as £2 a month.

It makes their menfolk even prouder

HOW ABOUT THIS for warming the cockles of a manly heart with food?

The Aga is the perfect cooking instrument, and it is ready to cook whenever you are. The boiling and simmering plates are kept automatically at exactly the right cooking temperature always — and so are the ovens. The lower one, by the way, is for simmering and will keep meals hot for you until you want them. *The cooker's on your side when you are cooking with an Aga.*

WE are short of every kind of fuel. Official opinion favours solid fuel for water heating and space heating.

The AGA CB with its single fire cooks your meals, heats your water and warms your kitchen. AGA owners may apply to their local Fuel Overseer for licences for additional fuel to keep their AGA going.

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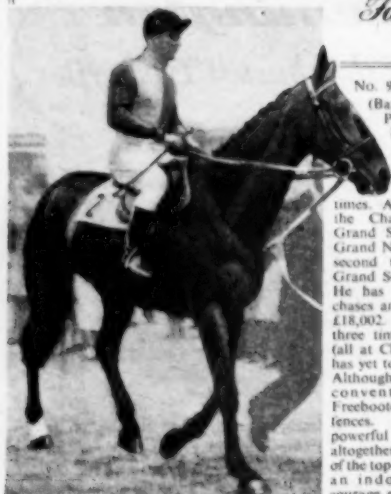
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Although a small horse by conventional standards, Freebooter actually *likes* big fences. He has extremely powerful hindquarters and is altogether a beautiful specimen of the top-class chaser. He has an indomitable driving courage and a cat-like ability to remain on his feet and regain his balance after a mistake at a fence. *This season's records are not included.*

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ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR HAWKINS

"I regret to inform you, sir, that the house was burgled in the night. Broke in through the dining-room window, sir—an amateurish job."

"What's missing, Hawkins?"

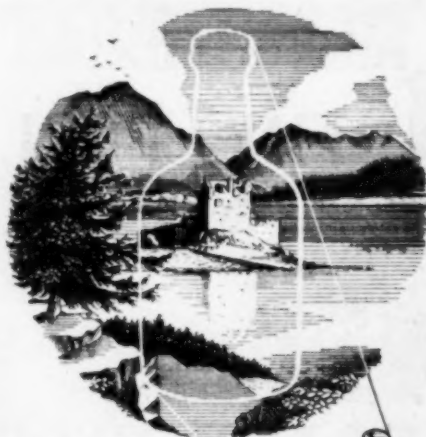
"Nothing irreplaceable, sir. It appears that the intruder was in a rather irresponsible mood. He left his shoes on the sideboard and his hat on the candelabra."

"The plot thickens! I've a strong suspicion that he nearly drank us out of gin and Rose's."

"How do you know, sir?"

"Bring me what's left of the Rose's Lime Juice, and I will make a statement which may assist you in your investigations. . . . And Hawkins—remind me not to forget my latchkey in future."

ROSE'S—for Gin and Lime



This royal Scottish
liqueur - prepared from
the personal recipe of Bonnie
Prince Charlie - is appreciated
throughout the world for its
distinction and subtle delicacy.



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Europe's

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CRAVEN
TOBACCO
man**

For a smooth, full-flavoured smoke
CRAVEN TOBACCO is miles ahead,
and men in all walks of life find
this fresh, rich tobacco gives a
deep satisfaction that remains
long after each pipeful.

Obtainable in three blends—Craven Mixture 4/6
an oz.; Craven Empire de luxe Mixture 4/3 an oz.;
Craven Empire Curly Cut 4/3 an oz.

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**"That's a one-man brake...
it only works
for Joe".**

Silly—but unfortunately true.

Why should so many
factories tolerate such
inefficient brakes?



Far wiser to overhaul them
regularly and re-line with
GANDY Friction Materials.
Then they'll work easily and
efficiently — all the time — for
everyone. And GANDY have an
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Supreme PIPES

The "West Gate" Supreme is a pipe with unusual characteristics. The carbonised bowl avoids the usual "breaking-in" process; the colour, quality and shape will certainly appeal to you—and so will the price, for the "West Gate" Supreme is still only 12/6.

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—including so many distinguished people of our times—the name Marques del Real Tesoro means sherry that delights the most perceptive palate. Real Tesoro "Torero" is a smoothly delicate Amontillado Fino of outstanding refinement. For those who prefer a rich, full-bodied Oloroso, there is Real Tesoro "Almirante," a pure golden sherry with a bouquet of consummate elegance. Those who know sherry also appreciate the distinctive qualities of "Andaluz," Medium Dry Amoroso; of "Ideal," a genial, highly-bred Fino Amontillado; and of "La Capatana," a superbly dry and pale Manzanilla.

MARQUES DEL REAL TESORO SHERRY

(The Spanish key Reg-AL Tes-ORO)

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PALLADIUM

"Palladium or new silver . . . is sold by Mrs. Forster at No. 26 Gerrard Street, Soho, London, in samples of five shillings, half a guinea and one guinea each"—so read a handbill published in London in 1803. The discoverer of palladium, the famous scientist William Hyde Wollaston, did not openly identify himself with the metal, however, until the following year, when, in a paper read before the Royal Society, he announced that he had isolated two new elements, rhodium and palladium, from crude platinum ore. Palladium, and the other metals of the platinum group with which it invariably occurs, is obtained

mainly as a by-product of the smelting of nickel. A soft, silver-white metal that withstands high temperatures and resists corrosion, palladium and its alloys with silver are used mainly to make electrical contacts. It is also finding increasing favour in the jewellery industry and in dentistry. Palladium has the unusual property of allowing hydrogen to diffuse rapidly through it at high temperatures: for this reason it is sometimes used for the separation of hydrogen from other gases. I.C.I. uses palladium in laboratory research on the hydrogenation of organic compounds and in the purification of hydrogen for experimental purposes.





Father, Mother,
Son and Daughter,



Always calling for hot water



—It's a happy family with a

SWAN BRAND ELECTRIC KETTLE

So quick — so convenient — so economical

ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES & ALUMINIUM HOLLOWWARE
In the home for a **LIFETIME**

BULZIPP & SONS LTD., ST. GEORGE'S WORKS, TOWNSEND ST., BIRMINGHAM 18



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**FLORIST
DISPLAYING
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Flowers - by - Wire Service

★ It means that he is a leading florist. He can accept your order for fresh flowers to be delivered locally or anywhere in the free world. This sign is your guarantee of the satisfactory delivery of every Flowers-by-Wire order.

Issued by INTERFLORA, Dept. P, 358/362, Kensington High Street, W.14

**Draughts eat
YOUR Fuel!**



... and waste of fuel, and loss of warmth is General Winter's order of the day.

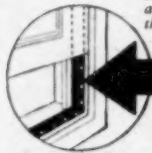
To cut down waste and make every ounce of fuel go further; to ensure the maximum of warmth from every ounce you burn—you **MUST** eliminate those draughts! We can banish them for good with **HERMESEAL**.

DRAUGHT-EXCLUSION BY HERMESEAL IN YOUR HOME OR OFFICE MEANS JUST THIS—

- ★ **PREVENTION** of cold air leakage through ill-fitting doors and windows—the major cause of **DRAUGHTS**—by as much as 95%.
- ★ **CONSERVATION** of heat through the great reduction in the excess number of internal air changes.
- ★ **SAVING** of fuel, so vitally important these days, combined with a marked **INCREASE** in room temperature, and general living comfort.

We are at your service. May we send you full details? **HERMESEAL** consists of a specially designed strip of phosphor-bronze alloy which is fitted by our own technicians into any type of door or window. It is permanent and carries a ten-year guarantee, and will more than repay its cost in a few winter seasons.

Our local representative will be pleased to call.



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Picture him in Mentor

..... Take comfort in the thought of such launderable shirts, Sanforized by Mentor to keep their perfect fit see him in the styles he likes and see how long they wear

like father ★ like son ★ like **Mentor shirts**

W. M. MILLER & CO. LTD. ESTABLISHED 1877

Bob's scraped through
his exam.
Let's send Granny
a cable!



Mum is the perfect Grandma and Bob is the apple of her eye — that's a portrait of the pair of them in 1936. Luckily she's too far away to spoil him — of course, I don't mean "luckily" at all, we're too fond of the old darling. She'll be as pleased as Punch that Bob got through first go — don't tell her what a near thing it was! Yes, we'll send her that cable, then Granny will get busy on the telephone and every crouny in Sydney will get the news in no time.

a CABLE means so much and costs so little



CABLE & WIRELESS SERVICES

50



FAMEL* is the
finest first-aid
for **COUGHS**

...And at bedtime, take
Famel in hot milk.
That's the way to get
a peaceful, cough-
free night's rest.

✦ **FAMEL COUGH SYRUP**
soothes quickly and surely —
always have Famel in your
Family medicine cupboard. 2/6,
3/9 and 7/6.

Ask too, for **FAMEL THROAT PASTILLES** — they have the
authentic FAMEL quality. From all chemists.

"so clean and white"

Macleans keeps my teeth
so clean and white
and at the same time
refreshes my mouth, so
may I thank you for such
a wonderful toothpaste.

Miss H. W. (Sheffield)

Did you **MACLEAN** your teeth today?



MACLEANS
Peroxide Tooth Paste
makes teeth
WHITER

Children will love Macleans Solid Dentifrice

7.30 for 8.0

THIS IS THE HALF-HOUR when the day ends and the evening begins. It is a time for adjustment—for changing gear, as it were. The hustle and bustle of a business day give place to the more leisured, measured pace of evening. One becomes pleasantly aware of the good fellowship about one, the excellent dinner not far off, the fine wine and the impeccable attention . . . On most evenings at the Connaught Rooms, these are the feelings of as many as 2,500 people. For, at the Connaught Rooms, no fewer than twenty of the most sumptuous banqueting halls are gathered together under one roof. In this, London has an amenity without equal anywhere on earth.

CONNAUGHT ROOMS are Banqueting Rooms



Set a new fashion...

Give a CINZANO PARTY

Your guests will be delighted with the delicious flavour of this world-famous vermouth. There is no drink higher in quality or more economical in use.

RED (Italian Sweet) 16/6
WHITE (Italian Sweet) 16/6
DRY (French) 18/-



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VERMOUTH

Renowned for its outstanding quality since 1816

FROM ALL GOOD WINE MERCHANTS AND OFF LICENCES

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Everything happens in some factories



IDLE MACHINES. avoidable fatigue and accidents are part of the real cost of out-of-date handling. It tends to make its mark in the balance sheet when goods are humped and heaved about by hand.



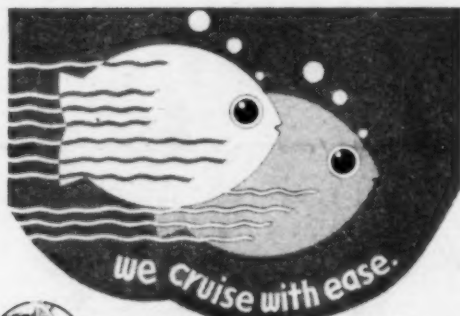
WHAT A DIFFERENCE when lifting and shifting are organised, part of a smooth production flow! Nearly always it means more production, less effort, lower cost per unit.

HERE'S EFFORTLESS POWER to do your lifting and shifting. One man and a My-Te-Min can free two other workers for production jobs. These Electric Pulley Blocks soon repay their cost (from £69 upwards). Running costs are negligible. Maximum loads range from 400-3600 lbs. Other blocks available up to 10 tons. For a My-Te-Min or full-scale handling installation consult KING.



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Finger-tip movement of gear lever operates Overdrive.



No movement of foot controls whilst changing into or out of Overdrive.



Large decrease in engine revs when Overdrive comes into use.

So can you if your car is fitted with the Laycock-de Normanville Overdrive. The change from Top to Overdrive is instantaneous, a mere 'flick' of the finger and you are cruising with ease.

Fitted as an optional extra on the Standard Vanguard and Triumph cars, the Laycock-de Normanville Overdrive has been acclaimed the world over.

Write us for descriptive literature and specify it for your new car.

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*"Be a good fellow, George
and get the Three Castles!"*

How did the bidding go? "One Club"
... "Two Spades" ... "Three Castles" ...
And that's a convention that is accepted
everywhere. What better could you hold
in your hand than one of these good cigarettes?



The
"THREE CASTLES" Cigarettes

Made by W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.
T. T. 546

The only all-leather shoe
GUARANTEED WATERPROOF
LOTUS Veldtschoen

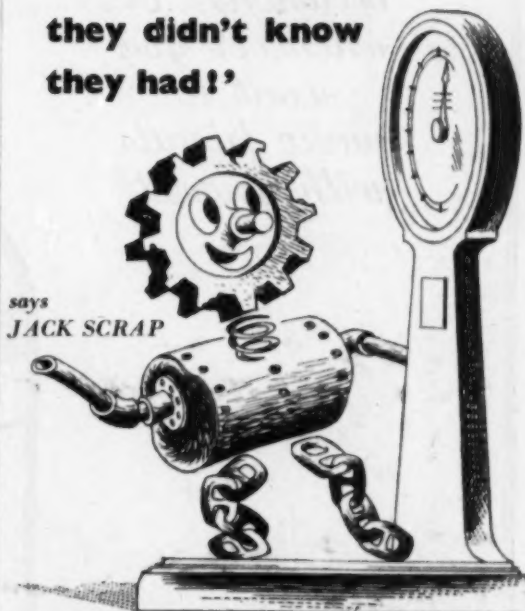


SHOES—NOW 115/-

(BOOTS—127/6) TAX FREE

**'They found 1,200
tons of me....**

**they didn't know
they had!'**



The director of a South Wales firm that takes a pride in its good "housekeeping" made a personal tour of his works in search of scrap shortly after his colleagues had made what they thought was a clean sweep.

He found 1,200 tons of good scrap in the form of obsolete machinery, surplus stores, unused sidings, and miscellaneous equipment that hadn't been thought of as scrap at all.

See what you can find. If we don't turn our scrap into steel we shan't get the steel our industries need.

**Speed the
SCRAP
Speed
the Steel**

Scrap Merchants will help with dismantling and collection.

Issued for the **STEEL SCRAP DRIVE** by the
British Iron and Steel Federation, Steel House, Tothill Street, London, S.W.1

*For all festive
occasions...or
whenever you
want to
make friends
with yourself*



MARTELL
CORDON BLEU
CORDON ARGENT
EXTRA



CHARIVARIA

"WOULD-BE politicians who are continually criticizing the Government should try being Cabinet Ministers for a day or two," declares an M.P. It certainly seems to work out in France.



"Private Speakman, 6 ft. 3 in., and 'Samson' to his fellow-soldiers..."—*Daily Mail*

Pte. Speakman, who is 6 ft. 7½ in. and known as 'Big Bill'...

Daily Telegraph, same day

Are we thinking of the same chap?

Dr. J. Bronowski recently told an audience of children "Unless you like to contradict your elders the world will never be a better place." The children sensibly waited for a more appropriate occasion to begin.

Economy Note

"As the success of the party depends on renewing as many old school ties as possible it is hoped that all members who are able to do so will attend."

Old Boys' Society circular

A foreign visitor recently committed a minor offence because he "wanted to sample British justice." He was given a free trial.

"Other amenities in this well-planned block—the first of its type in Glasgow to be occupied—are balconies outside each living-room, reached through French windows, rubbish chutes, and a ground floor common-room for social functions."—*The Bulletin*

Suppose you were in a hurry?



The East German authorities have ordered that *Peter Grimes* shall be performed as often as possible because it "unblushingly reveals the sink of obscenity, immorality, lying, hypocrisy, backbiting and tittle-tattle into which life in Britain has fallen," and thus presents "a harrowing but authentic picture of life in Britain." We recommend the same composer's *Rape of Lucretia* as a fearless *exposé* of conditions in capitalist Italy.

"The Government has decided to extend for another two years the appointment of Vice-Admiral Sir John Collins as First Naval Member and Chief of the Naval Staff.

Collins, who has already served four years in the post, expires on February 23."—*Melbourne paper*

Hardly worth appointing him, really.

Tenants of a block of flats in Gothenburg, Sweden, can vary the size of their rooms by movable walls. What happens if they all want to hold a party on the same evening?

The B.B.C. denies that the absence of Mr. Jack Jackson from their programmes is due to a slipped disc.

"Furnished Flat near Harrods offered during term-time by schoolmaster wishing to play Box and Cox; 2 bedrooms, lounge, kitchen and bath. Write Box 8,348."

Advt. in daily paper

Copy to Cox.



THIRD PROGRAMME FAMILY

To Someone at the B.B.C.

DEAR SIR,—Hearing that the Third Programme people want to run a family like Mrs. Dale's Diary and the Archers only of course different, we beg to apply for the job. As Dad, that's my husband, said when we were talking it over, we're a snip. Tell them about the quartet he said, go on I said, whatever shall I say, why tell them the facts he said, how there's young Bob with his blasted 'cello and Stella with more than an idea of the violin considering with her it's all poetry or what she calls poetry, you'd better mention that too by the way, and I reckon I can still blow a cornet with the best of them, and as for you Mum don't you be shy about your penny whistle, tell them if you got hold of a proper wooden one we'd be a real quartet and have a bash at a spot of chamber music any time they liked if it made the listeners feel at home. You and your quartet I said, haven't I told you before I've got my own worries, ringing the electricity every day about the hot-plate and there's my carpet-sweeper, not a shred of rubber to three of the wheels now, that's what I mean, he said, families have got to be human especially wireless families and it's my opinion that what with being human and the way we are, we could do the job a treat.

I could see Dad was sold on the idea because he went and fetched his overcoat and some toffees and shut himself in the front room with his philosophy books for the rest of the evening. He's got a whole bookcase full his uncle left him and though he was fed up at the time they've grown into quite a hobby, he says what fascinates him is the sheer worry of it all and if he believed half he wouldn't trouble to shave every morning, which reminds me we could have a bit in one episode about Bob having an electric razor and how they go on at each other and then there's a power cut, well personally I've never laughed so much, when I mentioned this to Bob he said really Mum I'd have you know this is the Third Programme and what they'll want from me is my gramophone records, he's upstairs sorting them now and he says they'll stay even you, one is a freak, it's backwards but he's forgotten which.

I tell him he'll have to work them in the best he can, for instance after a couple of minutes of record the telephone rings and it's Mrs. Philpot and Stel says we'll go to tea without thinking and I call out did Mrs. P. say about Mrs. Mackintosh being there because she *will* be and Stel shouts back, oh gosh, oh well it's not so bad as Mrs. P. being there is it and then finds she's got her hand over the earpiece, that happened only last Friday, the silly girl.

You'll think a lot of Stel, she reads aloud to herself and nothing and nobody can stop her. What would be the title of this one when it's at home said Dad last Sunday at dinner. The Cup, A Tragedy, said Stel turning back to the first page. I guessed it was a play, I said, the way you keep changing your voice, what's it about anyway? It's about some Galatians and some

Romans said Stel going back to page 1 again, and I'll trouble you people not to interrupt me hillo the stag what are you all unfurnished, I remember that bit because it made me think of my sister-in-law's trouble with her flat. If there's one thing that gets me about literature says Bob it's when they can't spell hullo. This is hunting you chump says Stel. I notice it scans says Dad, makes a change, of course it scans it's Tennyson, says Stel, Tennyson! says Dad giving one of his laughs and nearly falling off his chair backwards and clutching at the cloth and tipping the gravy all over everywhere, Tennyson! We'll be having Young Lochinvar next and why not says Stel as long as nobody reads it now, and if you've all had your fun I'll go on and I don't want any apple charlotte thank you Mum. You don't eat enough I told her, no wonder you have to take to biscuits in the evening, that's not me it's the Dramatic Circle says Stel, and I've promised them I'll get through this and Ralph Roister Doister by to-night to decide which is duller, that's the one we'll do.

You have to hand it to her says Dad shaking his head, why what've you got there on the radio, Mum? Verdi says Bob I feel sick and rushes out of the room, that's right says Dad, just because it happens to be what I happened to win a silver oak-mounted shield for, and he picks up his cornet and looks round for his bowler hat. Now there'll be trouble I think, and then I remember with a ghastly thud how when Mr. Jenks next door called to tell me it'd hardly be worth planting outdoor bulbs now there was his little boy so busy and happy putting earth in something for a tangerine pip for his Nature shelf at school and I'd never thought to look what he was putting it in, well you can imagine my state of mind when at that very moment the doorbell rang and in walked John and Millicent, that's my sister-in-law I was telling you about, with just the news to take our thoughts off cornets—that Uncle Hal was doing another two months this time for fraud and would Dad give his philosophical lecture to the Young Thinkers' Club!

Well, so we had a nice quiet Sunday afternoon—Stel going on about Artemis in one corner and Bob playing somebody's toccata on his 'cello in the other and Dad in the middle rehearsing his lecture and Millicent and me trying to iron an old embroidery transfer on to a table-runner. As I told them an hour later, I've got something more important than a quartet on my hands, I've got a Tudor garden with a tuck down the sundial so you can make it a trio, and if it's the piece I think it is nobody'll miss a few squeaks.

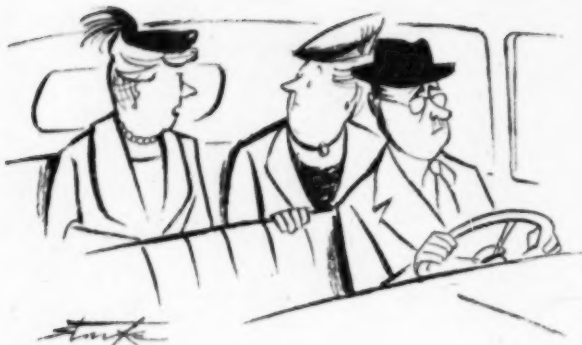
Well, sir, I got rather carried away but I hope you'll see from earlier on what Dad means about us being a snip. Also we all have different voices and could manage the journey easily.

Yours faithfully
(Mrs.) D. Mason
ANDE



URGENT CASE

"That's right, doctor, no more pills—let's have a major operation."



"I don't want to seem interfering, Helen, but when you told him to overtake just then did you realize there was a blind hump in the road? And that bend back there when you got him to change down—now if I had been you..."

SANTA SNAPE

TIME enough has passed since the event to enable a balanced, unemotional account of the affair to be given.

Viewed from behind, Mr. Snape reminds me of all the sergeant-majors I hoped I had forgotten, and there is nothing in his face to banish those desolate memories. Mr. Snape is armed at all points for life, versed in some larger "King's Regs" by virtue of which he lives with an ostentatious orderliness and even—one suspects—within his income. His neck is broad and red, and when the Home Guard becomes compulsory again I have the feeling I shall be in Mr. Snape's Company.

So that I was glad when I heard about the Christmas party.

The Snapes are the latest addition to our growing community. They moved into the new house next door to the Prudders about two months ago: Mr. and Mrs. Snape and little Deirdre—or Deadly Nightshade as I called her until my wife told me not to. My wife says no little girl is really poisonous—and even if she is, she is sure to grow out of it, or nearly sure . . .

My wife thinks someone should

have warned Mr. Snape about the Grooby boys, but I tell her that Mrs. Fish did venture a remark and was laughed at for her pains. Mr. Snape has a loud, joyless laugh.

I heard about the party from the Grooby boys themselves. They were just sprinkling the road with fragments of broken milk-bottles with a view to ambushing Mr. Prudder, whose car was expected at any moment. They looked up as I passed.

"We're going to Deirdre's party," they chanted in unison.

I smiled in the way my wife likes me to smile at children.

"And you're not!" Gordon said.

"You're too old," Gregory said.

"Old dogs gotta die," said Graham, the youngest, emptying a jam-jar full of muddy water into one of his wellingtons.

I passed on, the smile somewhat frayed at the edges.

Mr. Snape's Christmas tree was twice as big as anyone else's and covered with dozens of little coloured lamps which he had bought for seven-and-sixpence at a sale of surplus Army stores. The party

began at three-thirty, and we saw Mr. Grooby taking the boys along the road, their faces unnaturally clean and menacing.

Mr. Grooby put them through the door and dashed down the path and up the road to his house. I think he wanted to shut himself in his room before the walls of Mr. Snape's house began bulging out, the way they do in animated cartoons when the cat gets in among the mice.

Actually the walls didn't bulge. I happened to be looking out of the window. All the lights went out when Gordon stuck one of the fairy lamps into Mrs. Snape's mother's cup of tea, but Mr. Snape mended the fuse in a moment and he took the upsetting of the tea all over his mother-in-law in characteristically good part. Mrs. Fish heard him laugh.

The tea went off pretty well, once they got Graham's fists out of the trifle; and there was even a certain charm in the ravenous efficiency with which the boys set about the cakes and jellies. After a time the women and children returned to the sitting-room, the lights went out again, and Mr. Snape appeared in the guise of Father Christmas with a small sack in one hand and in the other a lantern whose mawkish beams were intended to soften the outline of his fearsome jowl.

Graham, under the impression that his brief but crowded past was already catching up with him, set up a dismal wail. The others gathered round sceptically as Santa Snape, mumbling such seasonable cooings as his parade-ground voice would allow, began to delve into the sack.

What happened next must remain a matter of conjecture, owing to an unfortunate breakdown in the Fish-Prudder Joint Local Intelligence and News Letter. Certain fragments exist, from which the whole might be pieced together like the social life of a Stone-Age village; but it may be better to leave the fragments to speak for themselves or sink into oblivion. They were not without a certain charm of their own: little Deirdre running round the front garden with her head in

the sack; Mrs. Snape's mother's distracted appearance at the bathroom window; and Mr. Snape's great howls of pain and rage which summoned us from our fireside in time to see the three little Groobys dashing up the road pursued by the avenging spirit of Christmas.

At first sight it seemed that the boys didn't stand a chance, and each time they disappeared into a pool of darkness between the street-lamps we scarcely expected them to emerge again. In fact, they were saved by Mrs. Fish's spaniels, Binjie and Plod, who joined in the chase and attached themselves to

the skirt of the voluminous red cloak which Mr. Snape had borrowed from the Gas Board Welfare Section.

We heard Mrs. Fish calling off the dogs, her shrill voice mingling with the incoherent snarls of Mr. Snape, who was by now hammering at the Grooby door. The dogs detached themselves reluctantly, and waddled home. The hammering continued. Eventually Mrs. Grooby opened an upstairs window and called out "No carols to-night, thank you!" and at last Mr. Snape was forced to retire unsatisfied.

I saw him next day, lopping

some branches off one of Mr. Prudder's trees which overhangs his garden. He looked more ferocious than ever, and I think I shall try to enrol in Civil Defence as soon as I can be sure about the Home Guard.

2 2

"Fireman Robert M'Kenzie on the towing engine heard the express coming in the opposite direction, and he placed three detonators on Junction signal box.

The fireman on the derailed engine, J. Martin, jumped clear and ran 100 yards to Dalmeury points, and tore up the track."

Glasgow Bulletin

How did that help?



"I told you to keep a sharp look-out for souvenir hunters."

ONIONS OVER THE CHANNEL

YVES came gratefully in out of the rain and hung his beret, his raincoat and four strings of onions on the hat-rack. I ushered him to a position near the fire, and he rubbed his hands together for warmth. "Quel temps!" he observed. "What a wezzer!" he added, in case I was short of French.

Yves has been coming to England in the onion-season since 1932, when he was a boy of fourteen, missing only the troubled seasons of 1939 to 1948. At least, he was over here a good deal during those years as well, but with his beret exchanged for a flat cap with a red pompon on it and the onion-trade shelved until the defeat of the *sales Boches*. It is not surprising, therefore, that he speaks reasonably fluent English. "But the others, the young ones," he told me, "speak French only."

"That must make things very hard for them," I said (in French). Yves waved his hand as if he were throwing such difficulties over the back of the sofa. Selling onions, he suggested, was not an occupation calling for the use of language; and if it came to that, the language most of the onion-sellers used among themselves was not even French, but Breton.

"Say something to me in Breton," I invited him.

"*Izom opus donion érrio naplish?*" said Yves obligingly.

I offered him a pencil and asked him to write it down, but he shook his head. The French are a practical nation, and Breton is not taught in the schools of Brittany. However, he said it again for me several times, and I wrote it down phonetically, as above, and repeated it back to him



until he told me what a formidable accent I had. (We were drinking Burgundy, and an *entente très cordiale* was brewing up.) "C'est le roulement," Yves explained. "Errrio. Errrrrio."

"Errrrrio. Errrrrio. Voilà, c'est magnifique. Vous

avez sans doute vécu en France?"

Some time later we returned to the subject of the onion industry. The onions came, Yves told me, from the area around the port of Roscoff, in Finistère. Finistère, as any fourth-form schoolboy with the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in his desk can tell you, is cold and wet and consists largely of waste land; but around Roscoff and the Brest roadstead it is very fertile, and not only onions but also asparagus, artichokes, melons, cider apples and other high-class produce are grown. Yves' home, he said, was in St. Pol-de-Léon, a short way west of Roscoff.

The onions

are planted in February and harvested in July. They come to England in small steamers, replenishments being sent as required; including the initial consignment in July, Yves told me, four shipments would see him through a season.

The onion-sellers themselves do not come over with their merchandise, but cross on the ordinary passenger service, bringing their bicycles with them. When Yves first started, bicycles were rather a novelty, and the men walked about with long poles over their shoulders, festooned with ropes of onions at either end. ("Très lourds," Yves agreed.) Onions for the London market, and for most of the south of England, go to Portsmouth, whence they are brought to London by British Road Transport lorries. That, said Yves, is our chief expense



after buying the onions—transport: transport from the fields to the ships at Roscoff, freightage across the Channel, transport to London. *Et puis le duty.*

"Le duty?" I asked.

"Three-and-ninence a sack," Yves said, making a face. It sounded enormous the way he said it.

"*Et alors le income tax?*" I suggested, refilling his glass.

But Yves had not heard about *le income tax*. I explained what it was, and he shook his head; they didn't have anything like that, *seulement le duty*. While he rumbled on about *le duty* I got out some figures on the back of an old pound note: if a man goes out with an average daily load of thirty-four strings, or *paquets*, of onions at three-and-sixpence a *paquet*, there's a gross daily receipt of roughly six pounds—call it thirty pounds a week . . . However, even after the initial cost of the onions has been deducted, there are transport and *le duty* to be thought of; and then there are food and lodging, and the rent of a bulk store for the onions.

You will look in vain for any central store with the name of a vast *Société Anonyme* painted on the door. Each little outfit has its own store, a small room or cellar hired for the season. Yves has his store in Lambeth Walk, and lives next door to it with his wife and children. He has lived there each year since the trade revived after the war, and, other things being equal, will go on living there in future seasons. Half a dozen men work with him, ranging in age from sixteen to forty; and when in a couple of weeks the season finishes they will all pull out and sail back to St. Pol-de-Léon, where Yves will return to his other business of *marchand primeur* or seller of early vegetables. He spoke particularly warmly of his cauliflowers.

You can find the Breton onion-men making their rounds in many parts of England and Wales besides London, and the onion-boats are as familiar in Bristol and Cardiff as they are in Portsmouth. The onion-garlanded bicycles are so completely taken for granted nowadays that few people would bother to give them a second look, unless

they were in need of onions. If you can visualize a monoglot Russian *moujik* with a fur cap and high boots pedalling up the Edgware Road with a cargo of, say, bootlaces, which are no less easy to buy in the shops than onions, you will see what a curious phenomenon this is.

So much indeed have the French onion-sellers merged into the English landscape that I found it hard at first to get hold of anyone who knew anything about them. The Ministry of Agriculture was not interested in them, nor the Ministry of Food; the French Embassy reported that the only person who had any knowledge of them was away; and inquiries at a police station—which subsequently turned out to be within a few hundred yards of one of their stores—elicited from the helpful station-sergeant no information except that a year ago one Jean le Saint, lodging near the gas-works at Nine Elms, had been there to report his bicycle stolen. And when you come to think of it, what better tribute could there be to the admirable comportment of the onion community?

"Tell me," I asked, "how many years has this trade been going on?"

"*On dirait des siècles*," Yves said. "Not years—centuries." His father, he said, had been in the business, and before that his grandfather; and for all he knew his great-grandfather as well.

By the time Yves had told me all he could, our bottle was empty. Yves picked it up and gazed at the label long and sadly. "Wine is very dear in England," he said reproachfully, shaking his head. A few moments after, he got up to leave. "*Izum opus onion errio maplish?*" he inquired.

"*Mais naturellement*," I said. "Give me two strings, will you?" He detached from his stock two *paquets doubles* comprising forty-eight elegant golden globes, the smallest well above the British legal minimum of one and three-quarter inches circumference measured at right-angles to the vertical axis, the largest as big as a large doughnut; and in exchange I gave him seven shillings. The rain had stopped; Yves shook hands warmly as he prepared to cycle home to Lambeth Walk. "*Naz vad*," he said, or something like it. "*Naz vad*," I answered in positively the last italics of this article.

B. A. YOUNG



AT THE PICTURES

The African Queen
The Racket

LITTLE except the ending is to be regretted in *The African Queen* (Director: JOHN HUSTON), the film adaptation of C. S. FORESTER's novel, but the tone of the ending is very hard to explain. After nearly an hour and a half of scenes that seem to show unusual care for reality, not to say harsh reality, it is astonishing to find a dénouement that in its writing if not in its technical qualities suggests the most slapdash and insouciant haste. The story is of a missionary's shy, prudish, angular sister who, stranded by the death of her brother in German Africa at the beginning of the 1914 war, is taken down-river on a battered old cargo-boat, the "African Queen," by a scruffy gin-drinking engineer whom she induces, by force of personality, to make torpedoes designed to sink the German patrol-ship on the lake at the end. The fierce troubles of their expedition are detailed with no concession to glamour at all, and the relations of the odd pair are admirably shown and suggested; but when it comes to the time for rounding off the story we get the equivalent of a last-minute rescue.

It is contrived that the man and woman, by this time deeply in love and married on the edge of execution by the German captain, should be thrown into safety by the explosion of the torpedoes in the floating wreck of the "African Queen" which the patrol-ship has obligingly run into. One can guess that the reason for this apparent scramble on to the heights of optimism was commercial: more customers will like a "happy ending," few will care in the least how it is arrived at; but it's a pity, after so much excellent stuff at first. Both KATHARINE HEPBURN and HUMPHREY BOGART are out of their usual fields, and both do remarkably well as the principal characters (for much of the picture there is no one else at all on view), and the savage surroundings are shown more impressively than in the other two recent colour films of Africa and with much less of a superficial, grafted-on documentary effect. From the start, as we glide along the river in silence broken only by animal and bird noises, to the moment when the first ominous signs of contrivance appear in the scenes on the German ship, it's a very good film indeed.

It may be true that in *The Racket* (Director: JOHN CROMWELL) there is hardly anything we haven't seen before in stories of crime and racketeering; anyway it is certain that plenty of people will say so. One could pick out and list certain situations in the plot, and even some of the circumstantial detail, in such a way as to suggest that the piece was

*The African Queen*

Aphrodite

Rose—KATHARINE HEPBURN

a wearisome bundle of clichés. Yet such is the crisp efficiency, the grim wit, the pace with which it is done that it is—for anyone not irrevocably prejudiced on principle against this sort of thing—absorbing and enjoyable. There are certain scenes in these big-city crime pieces, too, that I always find pleasing to eye and ear: for instance, empty street scenes at night, where there can be infinite variation of light, shadow, texture and unobtrusive sound. I'm aware that this will seem irrelevant to those people who long ago made a rule that they hated all American crime films; it seems a pity that anyone should insist on being impervious to attractive details for the sake of keeping intact a rooted disapproval of the whole.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London there are the Swedish *Miss Julie* (12/12/51), the American *The Red Badge of Courage* (28/11/51), and the French *Three Telegrams* (2/1/52)—not to mention *La Ronde* (16/5/51). *A Place in the Sun* (9/1/52), though it changes the point of "An American Tragedy," has much good in it.

Of the new releases, the only two I have written about are minor but entertaining: *The Light Touch* (5/12/51) and *The Raging Tide* (19/12/51). RICHARD MALLETT

*The Racket*

Nemesis

Captain McQuigg—ROBERT MITCHUM

PERSONAL TOUCH

"I TOLD you we shouldn't have gone," we remarked to each other when it was all over. "People who refer to their cat as a puss-thing and call it Phenobarbitone are not to be trusted. And such," we said, "are the Lumbleys."

We had known all about Phenobarbitone, of course. Earlier conversations with the Lumbleys had warned us. Mutual friends had later confirmed our fears. The people were cat-ridden.

But worse was to come. No sooner had we started washing up than the puss-thing uttered a great cry.

"He's hungry," Mrs. Lumbley explained. "George darling, do go and ask Henry what he can do to help."

Her husband investigated the refrigerator. "A nice line in fish heads," he said, "which Henry feels sure will prove both nourishing and appetizing."

"Oh, splendid!" said Mrs. Lumbley. "Please thank him very much."

"I will indeed," George said. "Thank you very much, Henry—and is your gout any better?"

"A very fine and upright character, Henry," George told us later over coffee in the drawing-room. "Quiet, unobtrusive and, in his spare time, a devoted student of the classical philosophies."

"And such a good influence on his colleagues," his wife added. "But for him I really think we'd have had trouble with Montague. You see, Montague's so versatile, like all these electric mixers, and it sort of goes to his head."

"Girls, of course," George explained. "Particularly Winnie."

"Winnie?" we asked.

George shook his head sadly. "I think," he said, "it was her rendering of the Third Programme that started it, though Hilversum may have helped. After that one thing led to another, and it wasn't until Henry stepped in and made us buy Terence that we were able to distract her."

"And now, of course, she doesn't have nearly so much work to do," said Mrs. Lumbley, "and Terence keeps her amused for hours with his newsreels and plays and things—and she's fallen in love with Macdonald Hobley."

"So much more suitable," we suggested. "Nice coffee, isn't it?"

"Is it?" said Mrs. Lumbley. "Cyril will be pleased when we tell him. He makes it so much better than Ernest ever did and . . ."

"I told you we shouldn't have gone," we remarked to each other as we drove away. "Henry, Winnie, Montague, Cyril, Ernest, Terence, and the puss-thing Phenobarbitone

—what on earth makes people get like that?"

A loud snort was the answer—and it came from just in front of my feet. Quickly I threw out the clutch and jiggled with the accelerator. But nothing happened, except more snorts. Slowly we shuddered to a stop . . .

Geraldine had let us down once more.
ERIC WALMSLEY

Worst Storm of the Year

"The sea at Ilfracombe rooted up promenade seats and covered Exmouth's front with a foot of sand."

Evening Standard



THE BRIDGE

I SAW one of them when I went to the station the first time. He was leaning over the stone parapet, showing a classic patch on his trousers. It was that, chiefly, that made me notice him; patches are not so common now. As the road swung parallel with the stream I just saw the second figure down by the water. I wondered, but they were already behind. I drove on.

Coming back I saw nothing until I was almost on the bridge. A man in a mackintosh was looking over the parapet. The pose was idle, but his face wore an expression of eager helpfulness. The two boys must have been down below. There was a car drawn in just on the other side of the bridge. The door was open and the driver had one foot on the grass. His companion looked set to follow.

My foot came off the accelerator and was hovering over the brake when I checked myself. I saw the essential ridiculousness of my pulling the car in behind theirs and hurrying after them. I considered an offer of help. I might just call out "All right!" with an air of ready understanding. Then I remembered the expression of the man in the mackintosh. Anyway, there were three of them already.

None of this took very long. My foot went back to the accelerator and I doubt if the car lost any way at all. I hope it didn't.

It wasn't many minutes later that I set off for the station again. I came on the first of the parked cars thirty yards from the bridge, and there were others on the far side. It was almost a road-block. Both parapets of the bridge were lined with spectators, with others leaning over their shoulders. I didn't hear a sound from anyone. This time it was easy. I drove slowly and carefully through the lines of preoccupied backs, every inch a good citizen.

As the road turned I looked back. There were half a dozen people down on the bank. A man in gumboots was stepping cautiously out into the stream, clutching one end of a stick. The other end was held by a crouching figure on the bank; I thought I recognized the man in the mackintosh.

A uniformed patrol-man on a motor-bike-and-sidecar was coming up from the direction of the station, followed by a police car. Three official faces, alert under peaked caps, swung towards the bridge. . . .

When I came to the bridge the fourth time it was deserted. There was a chilly drizzle falling, and it looked like getting dark early. There was nothing on the road. I left the car on the station side and looked over the parapet. The stream ran quietly under the bridge. The water looked very cold and about a foot deep in the middle. There had been some trampling in the soft earth of the bank, but there were no other signs of disturbance.

I ducked under the rails and slithered down on to the wet grass. I moved cautiously towards the water until the mud threatened to come over the sides of my shoes. Then I crouched and peered under the bridge. At the top of the arc it cleared the water by nearly five feet.

It was darkish underneath, but the daylight from the far side came through on the water. The shining surface was broken at one point by

something dark that rose uncertainly above it, but I could not see what it was. I thought it moved, but it might have been the light. There was complete silence except for the gentle patter of the rain.

I moved back to firmer ground, looked round once more and took off my shoes. I put my socks inside them and rolled up my trouser-legs. Where it got really wet on the edge of the stream the mud was icy. The water, when I got my feet on to a firm bottom, was almost mild by comparison.

I put one hand on the keystone and ducked under the bridge. It was entrancing. I was in the dry, but could see the rain falling in little flashes on both sides of me. I could hear the stream sidling along the abutments but practically nothing else.

The branch had settled in the bottom and wagged one twig lazily above the surface. I saw the foundation of a blockage and tried to pull it out of the clay, but it was surprisingly firm. I tried it all ways. At last I gripped the slimy bark just under the surface and began to back out from under the bridge.

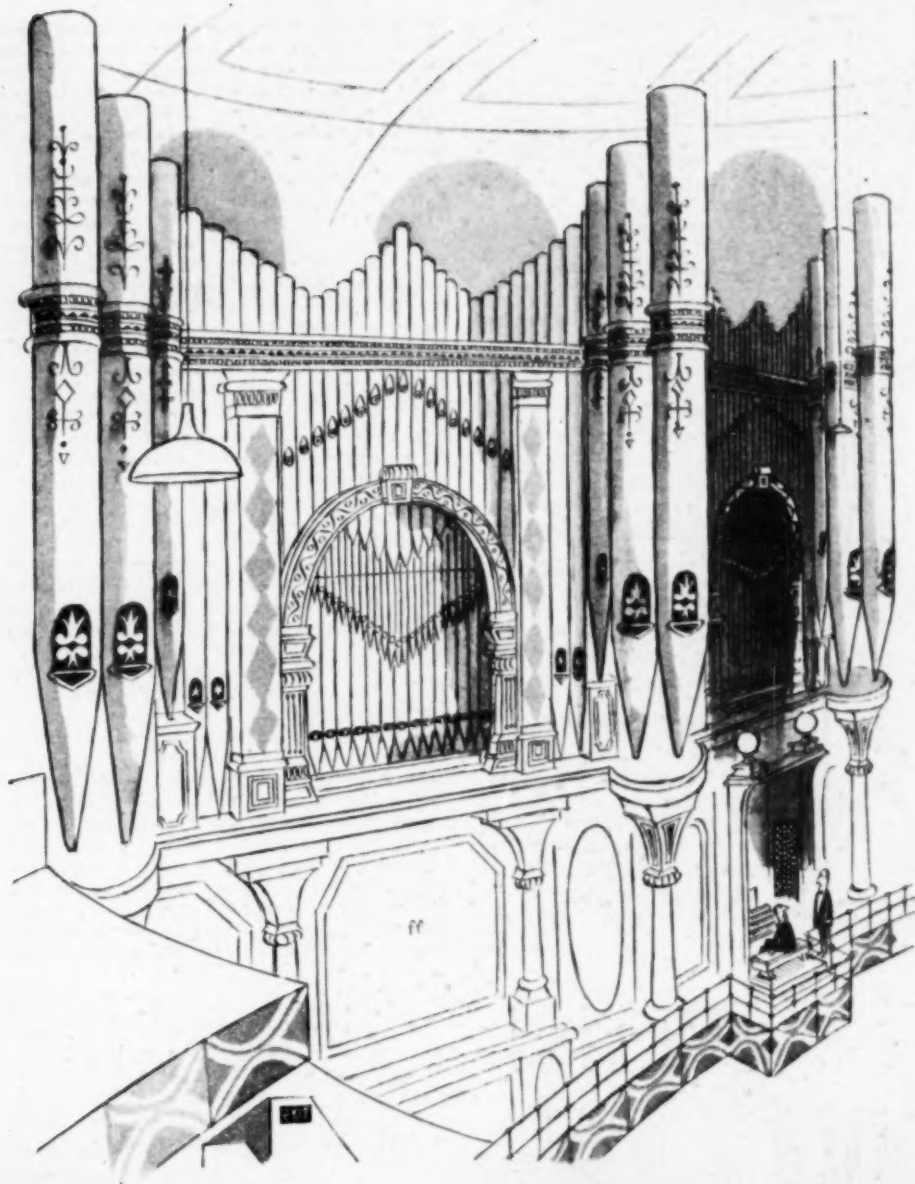
A man was looking over the parapet. I think he must have been there some time; his face was full of unbridled curiosity. I crouched, gripping the wet branch, and looked up at him. My feet were very cold. His face suddenly took on an expression of helpful understanding from which his voice came with a sickening falsity. "All right!" he said. I nodded and let the branch go. It swooshed back into the water under the bridge, and his mouth opened slightly. I clambered out and moved with icy dignity to where I had left my shoes. I put them on over bare feet and thrust my socks into my pocket.

As I got into the car he was still standing there, looking uncertainly down into the dark water. Another car pulled up on the bridge and I saw the driver lean out and say something.

I could guess what. I started the car and drove for home.

P. M. HUBBARD





"I can't think of anything to play."

A JOURNEY ROUND MY BOOKSHELVES

TO read every book I possess from beginning to end, aloud, non-stop and excluding Shakespeare and Whitaker, would take an average performer a little under ten weeks. This will give some idea of the size of my library, a better one, I think, than the statement that the whole affair could be packed fairly comfortably into one and a half ordinary upright pianos.

I have made a good many attempts at some sort of systematic arrangement of my books. On one occasion I hit upon a rather grandiose scheme involving separate sections for autobiography and biography, novels, anthologies, technical works and so on. This collapsed at the outset, when I was brought down to earth by the realization of the meagreness of my autobiography and biography section—Rousseau, Stephen Leacock, Sir Osbert Sitwell—I pause for a moment to avoid a ludicrous, though not impossible, misunderstanding—the *Opium-Eater*, Boswell's *Johnson* and, rather doubtfully, *The Life of the Bee* and Mr. Henry Williamson's *Salar the Salmon*. However, successful or unsuccessful, all my efforts have come to nothing, owing to the strange tendency of my books to dispose themselves in my absence in another order altogether—that of size. Let us be prepared, therefore, as we turn our eyes to the top shelf of what I shall allow myself to call the South bookcase, for some rather odd juxtapositions. The first four books on the right-hand side are *The Pilgrim's Progress*, Mr. E. S. Turner's *Boys will be Boys*, *Murder in the Cathedral*, and *Playing the Piano for Pleasure*, by Mr. Charles Cooke.

Wiser men than I have dealt at great length with *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and I should hesitate to add a word to what has already been said so well, were I not able to put before the public some information hitherto undisclosed—that this book is the first and last in which I have ever made a marginal note. It came about in this way. At the very pinnacle of his majestic powers the weight of William Wordsworth—I am sorry for this apparent digression, but its purpose will be explained in a moment—the weight of William Wordsworth, I say, was somewhere between ten and three-quarters and eleven and a half stone. (This estimate is based partly on data found in De Quincey's *Reminiscences of the English Lake Poets* and partly on a rough



calculation of the thickness of the ice covering Blea Tarn on the 7th of January, 1806.) My own weight is 10 st. 4 oz. Now, I have never maintained that slavish imitation of a great man in every minute particular is *certain* to ensure greatness for the imitator, but I do think that the chances of winning fame must be a *little* increased by perseverance in such a course. I set myself to eat my way up to the poundage of the great lakelander, but found to my dismay that the most resolute efforts at the table failed to alter my 10 st. 4 oz. by so much as a pennyweight. Turning from Wordsworth, therefore, to Coleridge, for whom I also had the greatest admiration, I discovered that it was his habit to fill with copious notes the margins of any book he happened to be reading. Attempting to imitate this habit, I found that I could not for "the life of me think what to write in my margins, and I did, in fact, complete one note only—rather a feeble one, I fear. It is to be seen on page 68 of my copy of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, opposite the words "he thought he heard a company of Fiends coming forward to meet him." The words "a company of Fiends coming forward" are underlined, and in the margin is a pencil note, rather faint now—"Try to visualize." My thought, if thought it could be called, was this: would the fiends be coming forward in small groups, arm in arm, perhaps, and chatting animatedly, or would they be in some sort of military formation, keeping step and swinging their arms, so to speak, as one fiend? To this query I never found a satisfactory answer, so my note might just as well have never been made.

I must now say a word about *Murder in the Cathedral* and *Boys will be Boys*, and in so doing, I am afraid, cast a searching light on my unhappy lack of any real literary discrimination. I bought the first book in what I may call an "I really must get to grips with things" frame of mind, the second because I wanted to revive childish memories of characters encountered in juvenile fiction. Now, I cannot help feeling that on any reader of taste the impact of Mr. Eliot's Archbishop would be greater than that of, say, Billy Bunter, the Owl of the Remove. Well, I am sorry to say that although I have a clear mental picture of Bunter—the rolling gait, the tight, striped trousers, the cries of "Yaroo!"—I am unable, try as I may, to call up a similar picture of à Becket; I mean, of course, one of

equal clarity. It is an unfortunate weakness, and the less said about it, perhaps, the better.

I have left myself little enough space in which to deal with *Playing the Piano for Pleasure*—it seems as though this journey might be a longer one than I had anticipated—and I shall hardly be able to do much more than glance briefly at Mr. Cooke's major premise. "I am now looking you straight in the eye," he writes, "and I am speaking slowly and rather loudly." He goes on to say that he recommends practising difficult passages until they are thoroughly mastered. "The cat is now out of the bag," he adds. To me, I must confess, the suggestion appears less novel than one made by the writer of the rather lukewarm preface—that readers of the book should start at page 187. This page I found to be the last but one. T. S. WATT

SKYE

MONDAY

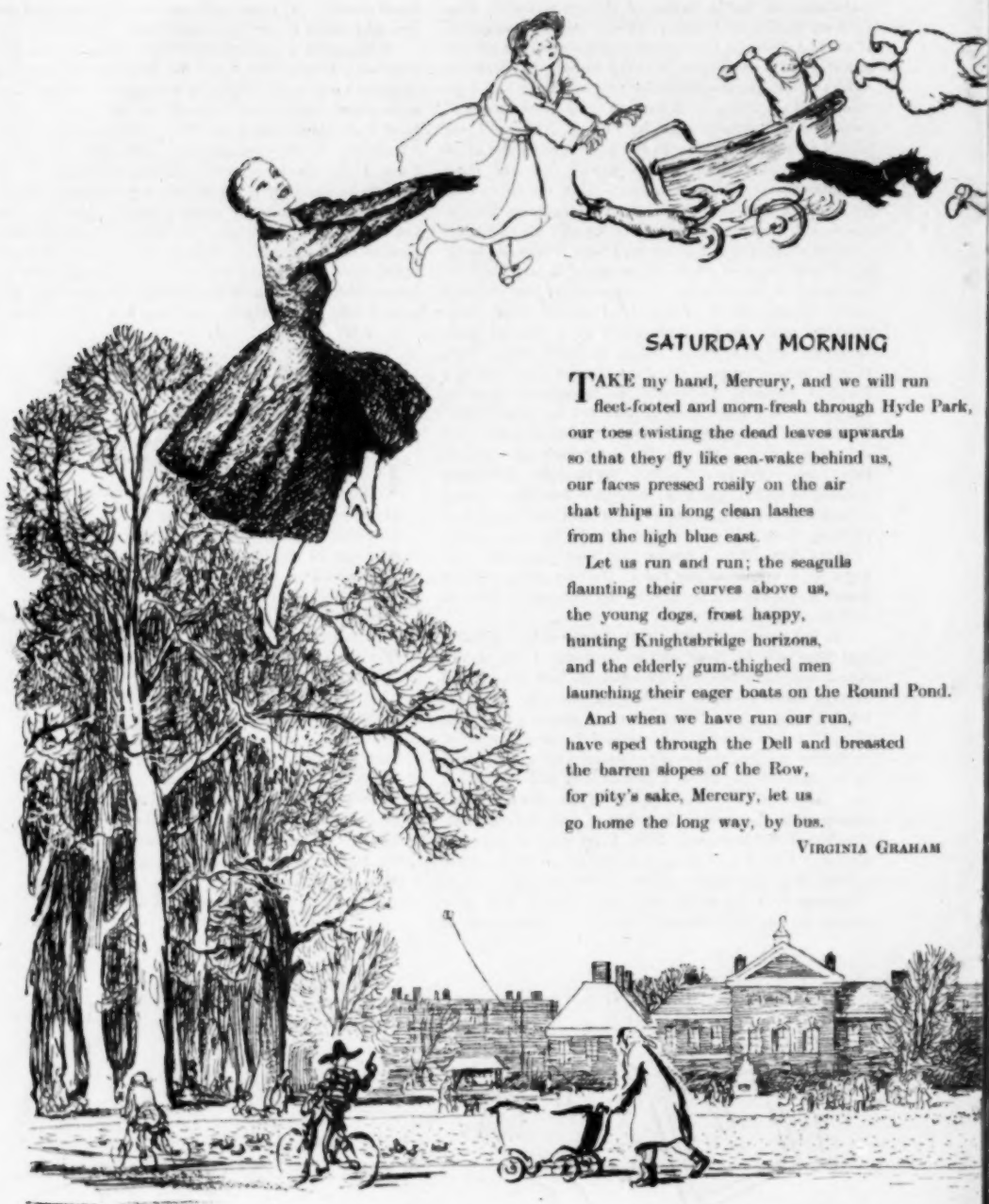
IT is as if the gods
Decreed the end. From Brittle to Portree
Down comes the rain in rods;
The great wind hounds the sunshine off the sea;
And out of the loud darkness overhead,
Where Gillean stands and Glamaig, comes a rout
Of roaring rivers—torrent, fall and spout
Striving in thunder. Earth is drowned and dead,
And microscopic man,
O'erwhelmed, must find such shelter as he can.

TUESDAY

Mediterranean! Here
Are azure seas serenely hued and lit;
Windless and calm and clear
The long sea-lochs look down the infinite
To where the fairy curtains slowly rise
On hills of Harris. All the little isles
Float in contentment. Ben-na-Caillich smiles
To Blaven. And, mistrustful of his eyes,
Man hears a Voice say "I
Am good at changing faces. I am Skye."

H. B.





SATURDAY MORNING

TAKE my hand, Mercury, and we will run
fleet-footed and morn-fresh through Hyde Park,
our toes twisting the dead leaves upwards
so that they fly like sea-wake behind us,
our faces pressed rosiely on the air
that whips in long clean lashes
from the high blue east.

Let us run and run; the seagulls
flaunting their curves above us,
the young dogs, frost happy,
hunting Knightsbridge horizons,
and the elderly gum-thighed men
launching their eager boats on the Round Pond.

And when we have run our run,
have sped through the Dell and breasted
the barren slopes of the Row,
for pity's sake, Mercury, let us
go home the long way, by bus.

VIRGINIA GRAHAM





NO QUESTIONS ASKED

EVERYBODY with any imagination must sometimes have wondered what it is like to be down-and-out. But the effort is beyond most of us. If our shoes keep out the rain and our bed is our own, if we are getting three meals a day, and money comes in regularly, and a policeman is no more than a friendly man from whom we ask the way, the necessary inversion is too difficult. To understand what life is like at the bottom you must reach the bottom. Mrs. Cecil Chesterton realized this when, one night in 1925, she walked out in old clothes without a penny in her pocket and let herself sink in the great anonymous slough of London's underworld. It was not idle curiosity. She had heard that conditions for down-and-out women were much harder than they were for men, for whom far more was being done, and if this proved true she wanted to cry the facts and get action. But first she had to find out exactly what happened to a woman with nothing more solid than her courage to keep her afloat. Such a woman she became for a fortnight, during which she was lost to her friends. She learned to beg. She bought

matches with the money, and grew adept at selling them. She got to know other nameless women who were drifting through the gutters, and she listened to their stories. And in the evenings she went around with her shilling hunting for a bed, never twice using the same lodging. Of some of the voluntary societies catering for the poorest women she formed a good view; others subjected her to insulting interrogations, while some shied at the outward signs of extreme poverty. The facilities which were tolerable she found quite inadequate; sometimes she was reduced to filthy doss-houses, and sometimes she was obliged to sleep out. It must often have been an unnerving adventure.

Having decided that things were even worse than she had been told, she recounted her experiences in a Sunday newspaper, and, shortly afterwards, in a book, *In Darkest London*. The effect was immense. The Bishop of London preached in St. Paul's on her discoveries, the Royal family became interested, letters and money began to pour in from all over the world. At first Mrs. Chesterton passed on the cheques to the societies, but as the

sum mounted she was persuaded that something on fresh lines was needed, and that she was in a unique position to organize it. A Council was formed, and in 1927 the first Cecil House, called after her husband, "G.K." 's brother, was opened in Boswell Street. Knocked out temporarily by the blitz, it is still open, and so are two other Cecil Houses, in the Harrow Road and the Waterloo Road. All three are self-supporting. There are between fifty and seventy beds in each. The nightly charge has had to be raised to two shillings and threepence. For this you get the use of a common room (with tables, chairs, a piano, and in the winter an enormous fire) after four in the afternoon and until ten next morning, when the Home empties for cleaning; you also get a hot bath, a spotless dormitory bed, and, for a few pence, a tea-and-bread-and-butter supper and breakfast. You can stay one night, or, if you have no other shelter, you may be allowed to return nightly for years. There are cots, and children are admitted with their mothers, provided the boys are not more than ten years of age. And provided only

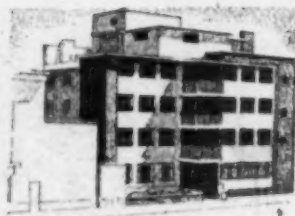
that you are sober, no questions are asked, no matter in what state you arrive. Mrs. Chesterton was determined to make this the first principle of her Homes. Nor is there any bar of colour or creed.

I take it that before this last war the women using the Homes were drawn more from one class than they are now. But the common room we visited was pathetically representative of each social layer from professional women down to those so long battered by life that they sat in a coma of resignation, thankful just to be sitting. Most of them were elderly. Some have the Old Age Pension, which means they can spare exactly 10/3 a week for a main meal, clothing and all their personal expenses. There is no need to ask an economist how far that will go, with the pound sinking like a wintry sun. Those whose health or age prevents them from working can apply to the National Assistance Board for extra help. Over half of them, however, manage to get work of a kind, mostly charring, that brings in a little. When they get ill it is now increasingly hard to find them a bed in hospital.

Much had been done, at the Home we visited, to make the common room a cheerful place. It was warm, brightly lit, had good reproductions on the walls, and

a motherly matron with a sense of humour was gently in charge. But many of the faces were an arresting study; a Maugham or a Balzac might have done justice to the stories that lay behind their sharply drawn lines. For some of the women life had still miraculously not been too much; there was plenty of chatter and laughter. Others, however—and they were usually, I noticed, the ones wearing the tag-ends of much better clothes—sat blankly. Yet for all these women this was a haven where in their uncertain world they could be sure of kindness and a little comfort. It solves their main problem. That of filling in the midday hours remains for those not in work, and these are helped through this daily gap by going to church and the public library, visiting friends, and taking their laundry to the wash-house.

The pressure on the three Homes is still so great that Mrs. Chesterton is convinced she could fill twenty in London alone. But her work is not confined to the Homes. In 1947 Cecil Houses (Incorporated), which is a public charity with a council of management, opened the Cecil Residential Club in Gower Street. This is a fine modern building specially designed to take seventy-two working girls between the ages



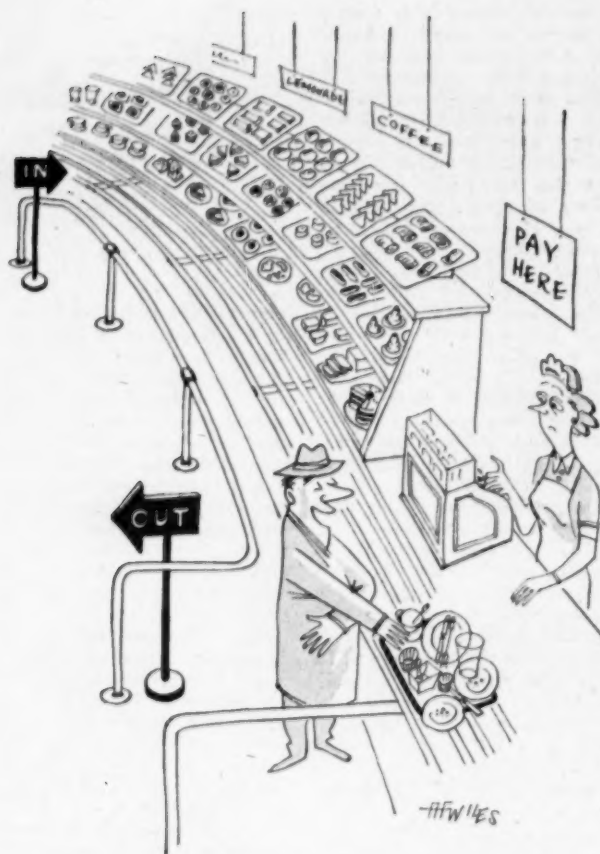
of seventeen and twenty-five, in comfortable four-bedded dormitories. It gives them good club facilities and a homely atmosphere, with breakfast, dinner and all meals at week-ends for thirty-five shillings a week, a fee about to be raised to two pounds. That will still be wonderful value. The Club's aim is to offer a fuller life to the girl with the small wage, for whom London would otherwise be hopelessly expensive. At present four pounds a week in wages is the limit, but this will shortly go up to five. A large number of nationalities is represented. Communal activities are encouraged. There are games, a library, evening classes. Boy friends are welcomed. This Club is undoubtedly a practical answer to a pressing need. Its initial costs have been paid off by public subscription, and, like all existing Cecil Houses, it is self-supporting.

Its logical opposite number, a residential Home for seventy-two old ladies past work, is now being built in Wedlake Street, Kensington, and will be ready this summer. They will all be Old Age Pensioners, and even if the pension is their total income they will keep five shillings of it for pocket money. The rest of their fees is to be made up by supplementary grants. The capital cost of this building is not yet nearly covered, but Mrs. Chesterton and her friends have learned to look to the public with confidence. To get into this Home is the dream of most of the older women in the lodging-house I described, but there will be room only for a pitifully small proportion of the applicants.

The Old Age Pension sounds all right until you have to live on it.

ERIC KROWN





"Very nice. How much was that, please?"

GOING, GOING . . .

A FEW weeks ago at a gorgeous Guildhall banquet the Lord Mayor of London appealed to the nation to abolish the word "crisis" from its vocabulary. I was right there, by my radio, listening-in to his speech, so I know what I am talking about. He had, I gathered, no complaint to make about the word—its classical credentials are impeccable—but was most anxious to destroy the thing itself, that nasty, terrifying, recurring phenomenon in our national affairs, the economic crisis.

Well, I am now in a position to allay the Lord Mayor's fears and to inform him—most humbly of course—that crises are already on the way out. A few more years, and they will have disappeared completely from the newspaper headlines. They will be as dead as "Daltons."

I base my forecast on a careful study of the economic crisis over the past one hundred and fifty years, some forty of which have fallen within my personal experience. By the year 1800 the industrial revolution was well under way and our

economic crises had already settled into a fairly stable pattern. There were crises in 1797, 1808, 1816, 1821, 1832, 1843 . . . or roughly one every nine years; and this ordered chaos continued for another hundred years. Here, for example, is a chart reproduced somewhat sketchily from Sir William Beveridge's celebrated treatise *Full Employment in a Free Society*—

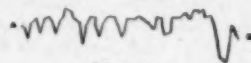


Diagram 1

This shows, in spite of the manifest imperfections of draughtsmanship, that between 1856 and 1926 (A and B) the interval between crises had fallen to about six years. Things, if the economists had but known it, were looking up.

Now turn to the post-war years, 1945-1951. What do we find?

Diagram 2

Yes, we find that our crises are now sandwiched tightly together, cheek by jowl. The crisis of 1945 was followed by that of 1947 (cigarettes up to three shillings and fourpence for twenty), that of 1949 (the devaluation of sterling) and that of 1951.

If all these figures and years and curves are threaded on the same line and translated into a sort of graph we get—

Diagram 3

from which we may observe that our curves are (a) getting less severe, (b) getting closer together, and (c) likely to vanish completely in a few years. Throw a large stone clearly labelled "Industrial Revolution" into the middle of a pond and this is the profile of the disturbances set up. The first waves are high and strong and are separated by deep troughs of depression; then their magnitude and the distance between them gradually diminishes. I think we'd better have that slide again, please.

Diagram 4

Ha! now you've got it upside-down . . .

Diagram 5

That's better. Well, no one, I imagine, will question my thesis that our crises are now much more frequent than before the war, but there may still be a few wretched sceptics who feel that there has been no discernible reduction in their severity. It is to such people that I now address myself.

Four crises since 1945. But what kind of crises! Only the other day Mr. Norman Crump of the *Sunday Times* was telling us: "It is easy to see why so few people realize the existence of an economic crisis. In contrast with pre-war days the average trade-unionist is relieved of any fear of unemployment. On the contrary, he knows as well as anyone else that in many directions there is a labour shortage. Next, his pay packet is now far greater than it was before the war, and while he is as conscious as the rest of us of the rise in the cost of living he has not always connected it with the size of his pay packet. There is no doubt about the paradox that, while the nation as a whole is in grave difficulties, many people are now much better off . . ."

I agree with Mr. Crump: there is a crisis. But it is by no means a critical crisis: it is merely another post-war crisis, the kind of thing we have learned to take in our stride. No, my Lord Mayor, these post-war upsets are mere inchy-winchy crises compared with the giant breakers of the past. We're running into smoother water at last. Why, when I was a lad . . .

(Issued by the Society for the Preservation of Economic Optimism)

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

"BRITAIN WILL
GET AT LEAST
\$300 MILLION

From O. H. Brandon, Representative
of The *Sunday Times*."

Sunday Times

This surtax is terrible, isn't it?

COCK-CROW AT MIDDAY

ROOSTERS are unreliable as clocks.

Sharp at the hour the inexorable pips
Pipe their bright lay; great ocean-going ships
Hardly less punctually from the docks
Draw nobly out; but these proverbial cocks
Drowse sometimes while the winter morning slips
Unheeded by, till in the lane the whips
Of carters sound, and soon the postman knocks;

At last this herald-fowl with one bright eye
Peers through the straw, to see the wintry sky
Lit by the climbing sun these ages past,
And half the frosted yard already dry.
He hustles out, to loose his horrid cry
Upon the world, swearing the clocks were fast.

R. P. LISTER





Jean Moreland—Miss URSULA JEANS

Kip Ames—Mr. DENHOLM ELLIOTT

Hank Moreland—Mr. ROGER LIVESEY

AT THE PLAY

Third Person (CRITERION)—Thieves' Carnival (ARTS)



THIRD PERSON, by Mr. ANDREW ROSENTHAL, is a tactfully written play on the spiky subject of affection between members of the same sex. Indeed, it is so tactfully written that the position of several of its chief characters is left in doubt. I didn't see it at the Arts, and so cannot tell if the revisions which I understand have since been made to meet the requirements of the Lord Chamberlain are responsible for this ambiguity. It is described as "an adult play," and I think most adults would prefer to be told what it is about.

Third Person deals with a happy American marriage which is all but wrecked by a neurotic limpet who has fought gallantly through the Pacific battles beside his simple-hearted senior officer, and then returns, a great friend, to settle in his home and slowly poison his feelings for his wife. The boy's devotion is apparently that of a son to a father, but the older man has no suspicion either that his guest has a long history of mental

illness or that his own worsening relations with his wife are the result of a deep plan conceived in jealousy. On the face of it the boy is just a pleasant enough young waster who has made himself agreeable and forgotten to say good-bye; his hosts' small daughter adores him. Except for suggestions thrown out half-heartedly towards the end the play might be simply a study of an unwise friendship. Perhaps the author really saw it in this way. But in view of the last act it is difficult to accept it as that. When a domestic storm is raised by an extremely sinister busybody the host, a decent, kindly man of apparently normal tendencies, is shocked by accusation into a vague admission of a special affection for the boy, which may be merely loyalty to a war comrade, but may be something more. The motives of the busybody are equally uncertain. His behaviour to the boy is almost insanely venomous. Are we supposed to think that this springs entirely from the bitterness of a lonely man who sees his position as a close friend usurped by a stranger?

That explanation is hardly sufficient. One is left, I think unfairly, with the feeling that one is being either less, or more, innocent than one was intended to be.

With these important reservations the play is gripping and sensitively written. It avoids easy theatricalism, and is forcefully and sincerely acted by Mr. ROGER LIVESEY and Miss URSULA JEANS as the threatened couple, Mr. DENHOLM ELLIOTT as the boy, Mr. KENNETH HYDE as the sinister old friend, Miss RUTH DUNNING as his peace-making wife, and Miss JANETTE SCOTT as the charming small girl whose companionship is the most stable element in the life of the brain-sick guest. Mr. ROY RICH has produced quietly and well, and Miss FANNY TAYLOR provides a room of which its architect owner need not be ashamed.

Mr. RICH's production of ANOUILH's *Thieves' Carnival* could hardly be expected to attain the standard set at Edinburgh last summer by the French company, but it does not even approach the earlier version by the Birmingham Rep. Uncertainly acted, it makes heavy weather of the delicate fooling and uses ballet indiscriminately. Only Miss TAYLOR's sets are first-rate.

Recommended

Colombe (New) is medium Anouilh handled with imagination by Peter Brook. In *Relative Values* (Savoy) Noël Coward regains much of his old form. *The Lyric Revue* (Globe) is still the best entertainment in London. ERIC KEOWN

[Thieves' Carnival]
Gustave—Mr. ROBIN BAILEY

THE PARTNER

THE whist drive was quite a small affair, in aid of the fund for wiping out the deficit on the December Gala Dance, which was held to wipe off the deficit on the Munton Parva Festival Celebrations last July. There were only eight tables, and with one hand still to play I had a good chance of winning top prize, a razor with six spare blades. As my own razor has never been the same since Symson borrowed it during the great sand-storm at El Kantara in 1942 I was naturally all agog with excitement.

My partner for the last hand was a stranger, a lady with a round face and a hat with a long feather in it.

"What I like about small whist drives," she said, "is that if you make a mistake it's taken in good part. At the big whist drives in Munton-on-Sea your partner practically lynches you if you happen to trump his ace or anything like that."

"We try to keep a friendly spirit here," I said, "but of course . . ."

"And as to revoking," the lady went on, "if you revoke at the big drives in Munton-on-Sea they send for the M.C., and he takes your name and puts you on their black list. What are trumps?"

"Spades," I said.

She led the two of spades and the next player beat it with the three and I put on my ace, which took the trick. Thinking she had led the two because she had the king I put down another small spade and my opponent put on the king and my partner giggled in a silly sort of way and said it was a funny thing, but she must have made a mistake, because what she thought was the king of spades was really the king of clubs, but it didn't matter, because she had no more spades and so would trump in and take the trick.

"You can't," I said. "Spades are trumps."

She said she was sure I had told her hearts were trumps and I ought to be more careful.

Our lady opponent said that there was nothing she liked more

than listening to a bit of cheery conversation, but her last bus went at eleven-five and it was nearly ten o'clock already, and so if we didn't mind . . .

She had led a diamond and my partner trumped it with the knave of spades.

"You've revoked," said our man opponent, emerging from the stupor into which men whist players always sink in the second half.

My partner giggled again.

"You're quite right," she said; "I have a diamond, it was mixed up with the hearts. I always think it is so silly of them to have two red suits and two black suits. It would be much less confusing if they had a purple suit and a green suit. I wrote to *The Times* to suggest it, but they did not print my letter."

She took back her spade and put down a diamond.

"You threw away on spades last time," said our lady opponent.

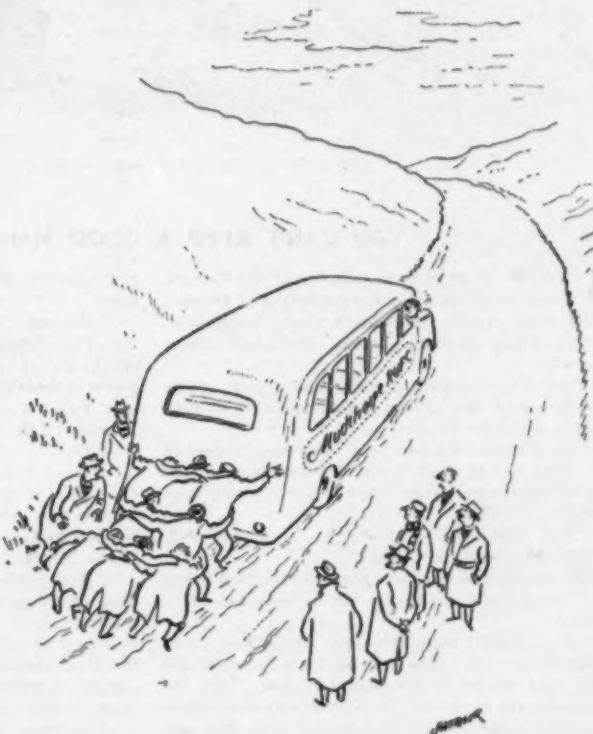
"It's too late to bother with that now," said my partner. "You ought to have pointed it out straight away."

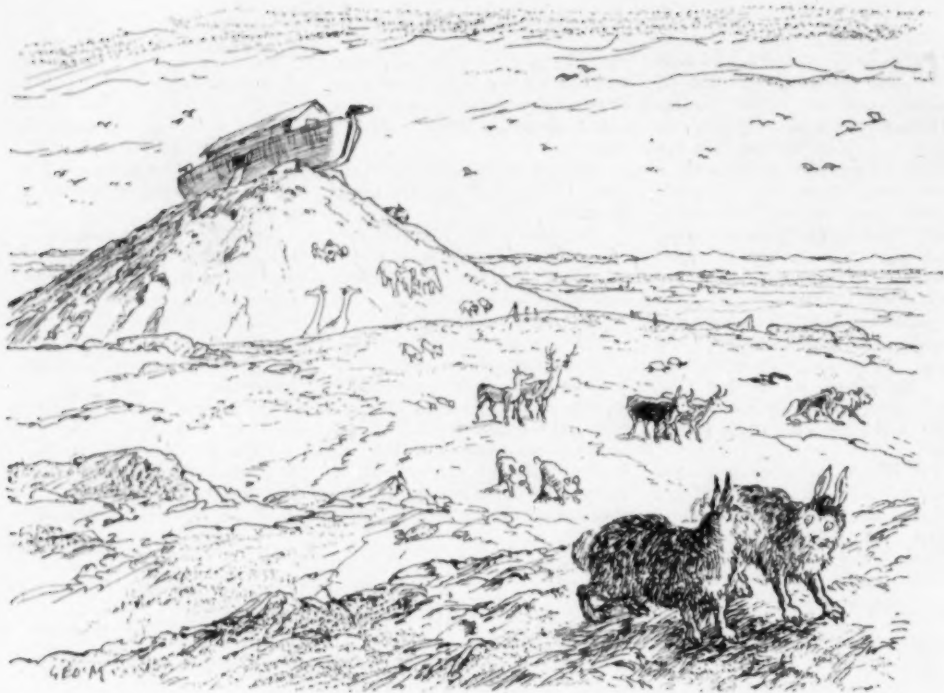
Our lady opponent sent for the M.C., who said we must lose three tricks for each of the revokes, and as we made only seven I scored one for the hand and lost the top prize by two points. The razor was won by a stranger with a shaggy moustache.

My partner beamed happily at me.

"That's my husband," she said. "It's amazing how lucky he is at these friendly little drives."

D. H. BARBER





"Ah, well—just another shipboard romance, I suppose."

YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN

"ANYHOW, it all ends happily," said the Colonel. I was surprised. We were speaking of Othello. "It's not exactly the common view," I suggested. "Can't help the common view. Practically always wrong."

The Colonel is a great playgoer, and a great reader of Shakespeare; but his interpretations are all his own. I put in a plea for Desdemona.

"Shouldn't have married the black man. Shouldn't have gone out to Cyprus with him. Getting in the way of the troops. What she got was her own fault entirely. A fool."

"Still, Iago was——"

"A tick," said the Colonel.

That seemed to dispose of Iago—for the time being.

"You weren't at all sorry for the Moor himself?" I asked.

"You couldn't trust the man. Too padded. And a thoroughly bad soldier. Takes his wife out to the front, and spends all his time with her. Tells the troops to have a binge on his account, and then blames them for being drunk. Sympathize with him and

you miss the whole point of the play from start to finish."

"Meaning?" I said.

"The Cyprus command. That's what it's all about, isn't it? Iago wants it, tries to get it. They give it to the black boy. He's not good enough. They soon find out. They knew a thing or two at the Venetian H.Q.—what was it they called the place?"

"The Doge House," I hazarded.

He didn't like that.

"Well, whatever it was, they got to hear about all this poodle-faking and recalled him. They gave the job to the only good man they'd got. Michael Cassio. Ought to have sent him out at the beginning."

"Stop a minute," I said. "Iago says he'd never done any fighting at all. He was just a Florentine arithmetician."

"Iago!" said the Colonel, with infinite scorn. "What the chap means is that Old Mike was a gunner or sapper, or maybe he understood the naval side of the show, or the Q side. Anyhow, he got to Cyprus first."

"And then got drunk."

"Didn't I point out that the black wallah told them to splice the mainbrace, or whatever they called it. Can't wonder if he has a glass or two. What happens? Man loses his staff job. Might have been cashiered. And even after that they do everything to annoy or worry him. It makes my heart bleed. You can't read that bit about Cassio's reputation without realizing what Shakespeare meant by the play. It doesn't look as if anything would save him, and then on the top of that they make a plot to bump him off, just at the very moment, mark you, when the war council has decided to give him the command."

"He says that his leg's been cut in two," I said. "But he seems to talk fairly brightly at the end."

"I know. Full of pluck and honest as the day. It's the second scrap he's had during the piece, and, what's more, he's the only one of them who does do a decent bit of fighting. That shows you what lies Iago told."

"He was not a thoroughly good man," I pointed out piously. "There was Bianca, you know."

The Colonel's face lit up. "Bianca," he said. "Ah, that was a fine looking girl. Best of the bunch, if you ask me."

"Perhaps you'd have liked him to marry her when all the funerals are over?" I said. "On crutches. They could take the first curtain together."

"Not at all a bad idea," said the Colonel.

I forbore to ask his opinion of Roderigo.

EVOE

LANDSCAPE WITHOUT FIGURES

YOU'd say this landscape was stiller than a dream—

fields of brown ploughland, or of wintry grass
marked out by hedges bare as Christ's crown of thorns:
a wood most lovely and most desolate:

a hill, a stream—

and in the midday sky

the half-moon's wraith, with just-definable horns.

No sign of man or horse, of cattle or bird,
but the light has a coldness, a crispness, a clarity
alien to dreaming:

the light has an edge on it
equivalent to the honed edge of wit:

this light insists that the eye
must note the imprint of a horse's hoof
bitten into the stubble as though by the tool
of an engraver,

must mark the hoar-frost shirred
from the blackthorn twigs by a bird's wing—
runs its even rule

over the crumbling plough-seams to betray
man's handiwork. And there, four inches deep
in the soil of this empty landscape, lies the proof
known to all ploughmen since Adam's sons first trod
a furrow, that Man trusts, because he must;
he has no option but to trust in God.

R. C. SCRIVEN



"Finished? I haven't started; my finger's stuck in the dial."

BOOKING OFFICE

Two Egoists

MR. PHILIP LINDSAY in *The Loves of Florizel* writes a selective life of George IV, whom he sees as perpetually seeking the affection and support he had been denied in childhood. The book is intended for the general reader and retells the old tales lightly and amusingly. Mr. Lindsay rather overdoes the psychological explanations. After all, the current theory of child-rearing was stern and cold, and George's early years were no worse than those of many of his contemporaries. They certainly will not explain all his peculiarities, whereas the theory that he was mad, like others of his family, will. He has often been praised as the best of a bad bunch, and he certainly showed a good deal of casual kindness in small things, and he lacked the sadistic streak of the Dukes of Cumberland and Kent; but it is difficult and perhaps pointless to make moral distinctions between the insane. Like Henry III, whom he slightly resembled, he at least left us some things worth looking at.

Mr. Julian Symons, while considering the various psychological explanations that have been put forward to explain the odd behaviour of *Thomas Carlyle*, argues that they cannot be the whole truth. Individual experiences in early life may affect adult conduct; but man is not just an infant grown up. He lives in a society with stresses of its own and, if he is an artist, he is likely to reflect such stresses as much as he reflects his own past. Mr. Symons is an admirer of

Carlyle in a period when his influence has become dim and his works are known only to the old and to examination candidates. He is fighting for a reconsideration of a neglected genius and it is natural enough that he should prefer to consider him as a sensitive recorder of social forces rather than accept him as a maimed eccentric.

There is another theme in Mr. Symons' apologia. Mrs. Carlyle was a woman of genius and, unlike her husband, an entertaining character to read about. Her stock has risen while her husband's has fallen. Mr. Symons argues that she was, in fact, impossible to live with and that her fears of insanity were justified: that Carlyle, while irritable and difficult in small things, was magnanimous in things that mattered, and that, while Jane was a neurotic of talent, Thomas was a neurotic of genius.

Unfortunately Mr. Symons' biography does not support his case. It is a vivid, tragi-comic account of a man whose words and actions cannot be reconciled with the heart-of-gold theory. Mr. Symons writes so well and deals with the evidence so fairly that his periodic reminders of what a great man Carlyle was and how hard a life he had with his wife seem strained. His effort to prove that Carlyle was nearly a century ahead of his time is also strained. He gives only a few lines to an attempt to show that in an intellectual climate that believed in the inevitability of progress only Carlyle was aware of the irrational forces, the dark, power-seeking forces that have increasingly dominated the world until to-day.

Like George IV, Carlyle talked endlessly about himself. He was arrogant, self-pitying, self-advertising and a ruthless exploiter of anyone who tried to help him. He was not the first or the last Scotsman to make a financial and social success of being dour in London. Mr. Symons admits that his way of life was in complete contradiction to the moral fervour of his tirades, tirades that to-day strike us as empty and ugly. He attacked everybody and everything. The more bitterly he attacked, the more abjectly he fawned. He played the literary celebrity, and scarified literature; he attacked the respectable, and his snobbery nearly drove his wife away from him; he stormed on in praise of silence and action, yet played a smaller part in the world of his time than any other leading Victorian.

What remains beyond an eccentric, illuminated by the brilliant letters of his wife? Not a seer or a political theorist or a social success, but a magnificent descriptive writer. His creed was as muddled as Lawrence's, but his illustrations of it are superb. His astonishing visual sense makes his set pieces describing character or action flame out of the thin stew of words that surrounds them. While it is unlikely that Mr. Symons will succeed in making anybody take Carlyle seriously as a thinker, his cunningly-chosen quotations should send many readers back to skim through his books, picking out the prose-poetry and ignoring the shoddy settings.

R. G. G. PRICE



"What do you mean, I look very prosperous? I am very prosperous."

This Revolving World

With many signs of haste in composition and to the accompaniment of much pointed and sometimes caustic comment from a complete gallery of footnotes Professor D. W. Brogan presents a brilliant all-over review of world conditions to-day. His main argument—so far as there is one, for he endlessly and fascinatingly explores all the side alleys—is to the effect that no violent political overturn in any country has ever quite led to the Utopia contemplated by the revolutionaries. All such convulsive remedies he declares—in *The Price of Revolution*—must be paid for, and if the dose is drastic the cost is high in proportion. He has little faith in pumped-up nationalism, spontaneous universal desire for responsible freedom or the necessary suitability of Western kinds of civilization for all the world. No party can look to him for unmixed approval or reproach, and he finds other causes in addition to mere hateful Kremlinism for the present world upset. There is no particular moral to his story.

C. C. F.

Browning—with Reservations

Among the *New Letters of Robert Browning* which two American editors have assembled from various sources there is naturally much of incidental interest, but they have little new to tell us of their writer and throw next to no light on his motives or methods as a poet. The soul-side which Browning showed his correspondents was rarely luminous. Even the letters to his sister and John Forster after Elizabeth's death move rather by their particularity than by manifest feeling. Perhaps the most revealing of these documents are the earliest, when the young poet was frequenting Macready with hopes of fame and fortune in the theatre. His letters to his publishers are concerned mainly with balance-sheets and the turpitudes of reviewers. The tradition that his latter years were a continuous progress from one distinguished dinner-table to another is rather gratuitously fortified by the inclusion of every discoverable acceptance or refusal of an invitation. Messrs. DeVane and Knickerbocker have taken their editorial responsibilities almost too seriously.

F. B.

Recollections of Childhood

The House of Breath is the kind of book in which one is tempted to look for hidden meanings, for allegory and undercurrents of sermon and "message," but it would, in this case, be a mistake to look too closely or carefully: this novel—if it is a novel—offers nothing more than a lyric sweetness and food for the imagination. It has the pattern and nostalgic sadness of a fugal keening: with the author we lament for Charity, a small town in the eastern part of Texas, for old familiar faces, lost friends, sights and sounds and the brilliant, painful awareness of youth. There is no plot, only kaleidoscopic views of fairly ordinary lives in the deepish South, but

the imagery and allusiveness are so rich and subtle that every view becomes an adventure in sensuous experience. This remarkable experiment in poetic prose is the first novel of Mr. William Goyen, whose next work will be awaited with real interest.

A. B. H.

The Theatre

Mr. James Laver's *Drama: Its Costume and Décor* is less an ordered history than a series of loosely connected studies of salient phases of the evolution of theatrical presentation from the classical Greek to the stark constructivist Russian theatre: the theatre on the move—mystery and morality, pageant, triumph, masque, Commedia dell'Arte; and the theatre permanently housed, with its elaboration of mechanisms, its perspectivist, illusionist or conventionalized scenery, the rise of the producer. It is a judicious (and certainly a distinguished) blend of solid fact duly documented, stimulating speculation and lively comment—"the result of a quarter of a century's enthusiasm." It would have been great gain if we could have had explanatory notes on the two hundred fascinating illustrations largely drawn from the collection under the author's charge at the Victoria and Albert Museum, whose treasures he is concerned to commend to students. And surely this enthusiast must expand and clarify his challenging prefatory chapter "Towards a theory of the theatre," to which the clue is



"Isn't there anything we mustn't do?"

"Art can only arise from Magic and to Magic it must return." As it stands it over-estimates the nimbleness of our wits.

J. P. T.

Arms and the Man

William Morris, who was all for the "straining game" of lost causes, would have found a second Hector in *Montrose*. Anything more fated to failure than James Graham's lifelong efforts on behalf of Charles I and his exiled son it would be hard to conceive. The Covenanters were on top—and both Stuarts loathed the Kirk. *Montrose* was a Covenanter; and it was the ministers of his period—not the martyrs of the next—who, with the Edinburgh mob, Roundhead armies, the pusillanimous and wily Argyll and the treachery of princes and nobles, brought a great military leader to the hangman's noose. It is not too much to say that Miss C. V. Wedgwood has written the perfect "Brief Life" of *Montrose*. The sordid politics that frustrated him, the gruelling campaigns he conducted with such brilliance, his personal life and the ranks of his friends and enemies are handled with lucidity and vigour; and the historian's unobtrusive judgments are informed and balanced.

H. P. E.

Dublin's Abbey

The theatre—not only in Ireland—was in luck when a rise in Hudson Bay shares enabled generous Miss Horniman to build the Abbey in 1904 as a permanent home for the new school of Irish drama launched a few years earlier by Yeats, Lady Gregory, Edward Martyn and George Moore; for this small playhouse, burned down last summer but still carrying on elsewhere, has proved a phenomenal nursery of talent. Yeats, Synge, O'Casey, Lady Gregory, Lennox Robinson and Denis Johnston among the playwrights,



Hollowood

"No, no. Dextrose, glucose, albumen, gelatine, soya flour, vegetable oils and artificial flavourings—that's what little girls are made of."

Sara Allgood, Maire O'Neill, Arthur Sinclair, Fred O'Donovan and the Fays among the actors—these names make a record hard to match. Mr. Lennox Robinson is obviously the man to write about this gallant enterprise, with which he has been associated for more than forty years. *Ireland's Abbey Theatre* is an exciting story, well documented and giving an urgent sense of the adventure shared by a little band of enthusiasts of putting on new plays of such unusual quality.

E. O. D. K.

Two More Books for Children

This is the time when book-tokens and the tempers of book-sellers may become a little frayed as young customers try to make their difficult choices. Parents, lurking in the background, may be glad of hints, so here are two stories well worth reading and keeping because they are written by authors whose pride is sound workmanship and faithfulness to history. Miss C. Fox Smith's book, *Knave-Go-By*, begins with a shipwreck and the casting-up on the Cornish coast of a boy who has lost his memory. This (surprisingly when we remember the author) is all that the sea has to do with the story, for the hero has a series of inland adventures, and finds his rightful name on a tombstone on Dartmoor. The book (it begins in 1823) has the raciest tang, is vigorously written and full of odd characters—some charming, some lusty, and all worth the knowing. *The Mysterious Mamma*, by Dorothy Margaret Stuart, is for rather younger readers, but not so young as the illustrator suggests, and is set during the war with Napoleon, but is not about war. It concerns the strange disappearance of a mother. But never mind the story, though that is good enough. The charm of the book is in the telling, in the lively characters and in the flavour, which is slightly reminiscent of Mrs. Ewing's spiciness.

B. E. B.

Books Reviewed Above

- The Loves of Florizel*. Philip Lindsay. (Hutchinson, 15/-)
Thomas Carlyle. Julian Symonds. (Gollancz, 21/-)
The Price of Revolution. D. W. Brogan. (Hamish Hamilton, 15/-)
New Letters of Robert Browning. Edited by William Clyde DeVane and Kenneth Leslie Knickerbocker. (Murray, 30/-)
The House of Breath. William Goyen. (Chatto and Windus, 10/6)
Drama: Its Costume and Décor. James Laver. (Studio, 30/-)
Montrose. C. V. Wedgwood. (Collins, 7/6)
Ireland's Abbey Theatre. Lennox Robinson. (Sidgwick and Jackson, 30/-)
Knave-Go-By. C. Fox Smith. (Oxford University Press, 8/6)
The Mysterious Mamma. Dorothy Margaret Stuart. (University of London Press, 6/6)

Recommended

The Artist at Work. H. Ruhemann and E. M. Kemp. (Penguin Books, 8/6) An attempt to give an impression, with many small reproductions (from the primitives to the moderns, many in colour) accompanied by simple explanatory text, of the process of creation of a work of art. Elements of composition, qualities of style—with a page on forgeries—reasons for distortion, and so on. Appendix correcting some popular misconceptions. Based on the exhibition of the same title which has been touring the country for some years. A fascinating, valuable little book.

SPIRITED CONVERSATION

"It says here," I said to the man opposite, "that Mr. Casey told the Egyptian Foreign Minister he was afraid Egyptians were in the position of the sorcerer's apprentice who released the djinn from the bottle. 'It will be hard to bottle the evil spirit again,' he said. Rather neat, that."

The man opposite looked puzzled.

"I don't think I quite see that," he said slowly. "Who did you say released it from the bottle?"

"The sorcerer's apprentice," I said. "You remember the old legend about the—"

"When I lived in Alexandria before the war," he said, putting his own paper on the seat beside him and taking off his spectacles, "they used to say that the consumption of gin in Egypt was exactly double the import. Exactly double."

I laughed like anything. I always think a joke is twice as effective when the teller keeps a perfectly straight face—and the man opposite certainly did that. Something about his unblinking stare made me laugh all the more.

"That's wonderful," I said when I could speak.

His surprised expression was really very amusing.

"Wonderful?" he said. "There's nothing wonderful about it. It's simply a question of drilling a hole in the bottom of the bottle, drawing off half the gin, replacing it with methylated spirits, and sealing the bottle up again. It's quite normal commercial practice in the Middle East."

I laughed again—but this time in the sort of clipped way that clearly indicates the end of joke-appreciation: a kind of well-that-was-very-funny-but-let's-get-back-to-what-we-were-talking-about-laugh.

"Just a minute," said the man. "What was that bit about evil spirit?"

I read the passage again.

"You know," he said thoughtfully. "I don't think it's quite fair to call it *evil*. Consumed in moderate



"And which of you, may I ask, rigged up Joke No. 9763 in my office?"

quantities it's not injurious—I mean, before it's adulterated. But quite apart—"

I began to get tired of it all. "Look here," I said, "surely you realize—"

"—but quite apart from that," he went on, "I don't see how a sorcerer's apprentice comes into it at all. I was there for twenty-eight years, and I never came across any sorcerers—that is if you exclude the gulli-gulli men who sit cross-legged on hotel verandas saying one-two-three-un-deux-trois-ek-do-teen-please-captain-lookit-here and so forth, and then produce a small chicken from your waistcoat pocket. That is in the winter months of course; you couldn't possibly wear a waistcoat in the hot weather."

I began to perspire.

"But in any case," he continued, "what would a chap like that

have to do with the gin-adulterating trade? If he'd said a grocer's apprentice or something I could have understood it." He picked up his paper and shook it. "I don't get it."

"Look," I said hoarsely, "surely you realize that it's not 'gin,' but 'djinn'?"

He looked at me kindly.

"I mean," I said angrily, "the word is dee, jay, eye, double eun—not gee, eye, enn."

He smiled tolerantly.

"May I see for myself?" he asked.

He spread my paper on his knees and followed the paragraph with his forefinger as he read it half under his breath.

"It's just as I thought," he said complacently. He tapped me on the knee.

"It's a misprint," he said.

DISCUSSION ON RECESSION

THE principal joined the tips of his long sensitive fingers together and looked round his staff with a melancholy eye.

"All institutes have their periods of recession," he began, "and this term our class attendances have been rather badly hit by resignations, changes-of-minds, and fog belts. Particularly on the aesthetic side of the syllabus."

His glance rested for a second on Miss Mainwaring of Early English Drama. She flushed, and Mr. Harringay of Pottery and Puppetry (who last week had had to indent for three more tables for his class) smiled across at her encouragingly.

Miss Mainwaring made a quick expressive gesture.

"No—don't misunderstand me," and the principal's smile held a hint of compassion. "We shall always defend culture here to the last student. I remember that a couple of years ago we kept a class alive—was it Folk-lore and Witchcraft?—by moving it into a room which led through into the canteen, so that at critical moments no one could possibly have told who were members of the class and who were not."

"But bluntly, Early English Drama has dropped from five students to two, and if it drops any farther I can see no other alternative

but to prepare for drastic re-organization . . ."

Mr. Napier, of Banking and Economics, cleared his throat.

"I," he said, "have a large balance of students in hand. Would it not be possible to effect a transfer on paper of a block of my surplus requirements against Miss Mainwaring's signature, returnable after the half-term audit, and . . ."

"Ingenious, Mr. Napier, and what I should have expected from you. But not practicable. You may be sure that I have tried all the more obvious methods at various times—the introduction of paraffin stoves into the rooms, the issuing of a free tea voucher to the holder of every tenth admission card for each class; the inauguration—and this was a daring experiment—of a class in Exorcism as a foil to Folk-lore and Witchcraft. I even tried the establishing of a crèche for the more responsible of our students."

Mr. Wheelwright of Handicrafts stopped carving his table for a moment. "You don't mean . . ."

"No, of course I don't." The principal was almost curt. "But all these innovations had merely temporary results—indeed, some of the names on the registers simply brought their children to the crèche and came back for them when the Institute closed for the evening."

Mr. Forsyte of Advanced Psychiatry looked up from an intricate wire puzzle he was unravelling.

"Recently," he said, "I gave my people a series of written questions specially designed so that an expert analysis of the answers would show just why certain cross-sections and age-groups attended evening classes at all. The results," and Mr. Forsyte pulled down his waistcoat, "were most interesting and gratifying. For instance, eighteen per cent obviously did not know; three per cent unconsciously revealed that they attended because they could wear long coloured scarves and sandals. It seems to me that if the classes were planned to allow the ego of the individual to have expression the attraction would be overpowering, and attendances would rise."

There was a spontaneous burst of clapping from Applied Child Psychology—a friend of Mr. Forsyte's.

The principal looked at Mr. Forsyte curiously for a moment; he seemed about to speak. Then he wiped the chalk from his lapels, and his glance made the full circle to Miss Mainwaring.

"Well. Perhaps you will carry on with your two students until a real crisis develops. Now—about pay claims . . ."



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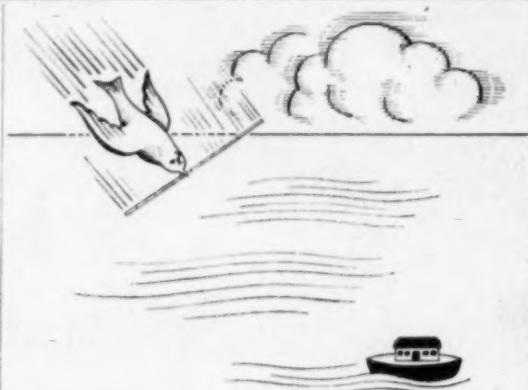
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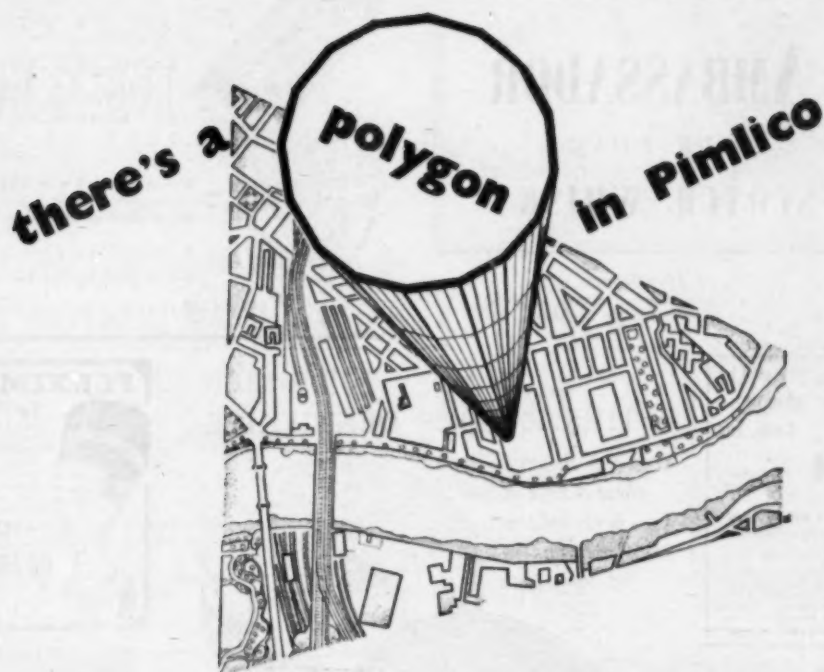
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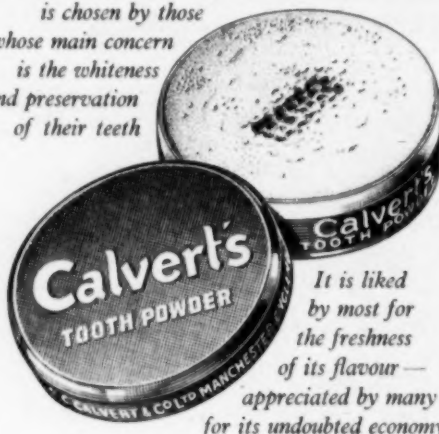
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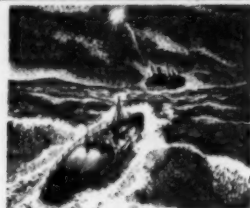
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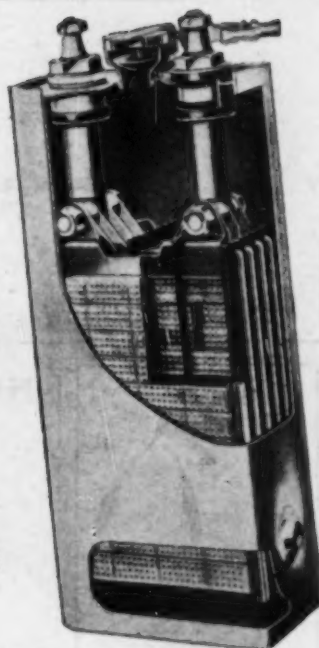
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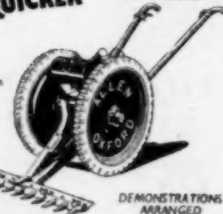
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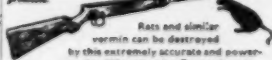
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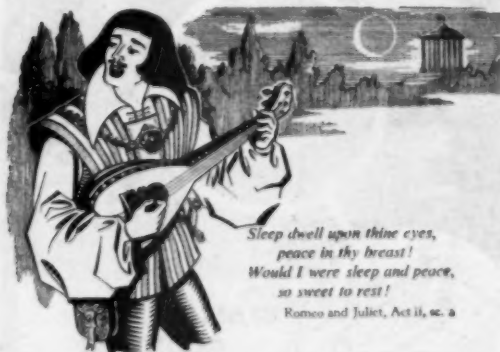
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Herbs and spices have long lent delight to the cooking of every race. Immemorially, those from the East have been prized by Western connoisseurs for their exquisite delicacy, their subtle pungency. Once, only princely palates knew the delectable titillation of Oriental herbs and spices. But, in the 20th century, untold thousands can revel in dishes made lordly with the rare herbs and spices that are found in every bottle of Lea & Perrine, the original and genuine Worcestershire Sauce.

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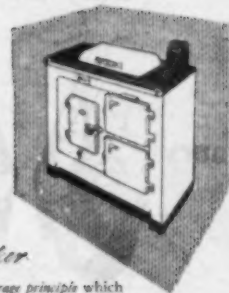


*Sleep dwell upon thine eyes,
peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace,
so sweet to rest!*
Romeo and Juliet, Act II, sc. 2

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I'm P.C.49 and I'm finding out what's for dinner.

Got any clues?

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Because it tastes good.

Yes. But that's not the only

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Because it's made from yeast and yeast is a natural source of the B₁ Vitamins. But I don't suppose clever detectives care about that.

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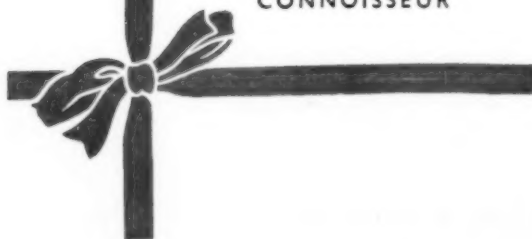
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